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The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

WHOLE NO. 1969.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., FEBRUARY 5, 1890.

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[FOR THE PACIFIC.]
SOMEbody's GOT A HEAVIER LOAD
Have you touched life's desert places?
Have you come to fields of gloom?
Have you turned away your faces
When the mist came down too soon?
Have you halted in life's highway,
Halted by the rugged road?
Have you met those in the by-way
Crushed down by a heavier load?
Have you ever helped a brother
When his load was more than yours,
Or tried his path to cover
With the bloom that mounts and soars?
Try it, then, you tolling mortals;
Help some teller by your side,
And the door of heaven's portals
Will for you be opened wide. C. N. O.
SAN FRANCISCO, JAN. 28, 1890.

EDWARD BELLAMY'S LOS ANGELES DEFENDER.

EDITORS PACIFIC: When I read over Mr. Wheeler's review of my article in your issue of Jan. 22d, I said to myself, "How wide is the area of sophistry!" I would have been glad if our critic had taken up each specific point made against Bellamy, and its argument, and answered it definitely. I would have preferred more logic and less generalization and declamation. But careful reasoning and logic are probably not the forte of this writer. He says, "I have strangely misunderstood the plan of government portrayed in this book if it has not for its foundation, for its chief corner-stone, the Gospel of Christ." Well, that you have misunderstood it I have no doubt, for there is not in the book one word said about repentance of sin, or faith in Christ—not a word about prayer, or preaching the Gospel, or of the influence of the Bible. Indeed, if I am not mistaken, the name of Jesus is not once mentioned in the book! There is the name of a great and new novel mentioned, and several other books, but God's book is ignored as a book influencing society. Indeed, the entire regeneration of the people is attributed to the reorganization of society on a communistic plan. No other influence is spoken of in this book. Whatever Mr. Wheeler may believe, the book attributes the great change to nothing else. It mistakes radically the great cause of human woes—sin. It makes an equal mistake in regard to its only civil regeneration.

In my article I showed the falseness and viciousness of his representation that the rich ride in a coach and the poor, like servile peons, are drawing them; that the rich help the poor as much as the poor help the rich; that the scheme of a community of property has been tried on quite a large scale in France, in England, and in the United States, and was a sad and absolute failure in every case, producing poverty instead of wealth, discontent instead of harmony, and demoralization instead of virtue. But these small objections Mr. Wheeler in his reply ignores. So the mental dwarfing of the masses by taking from their hands all management of farms, trades, and business of every sort, and reducing them to mere wage-earners, Mr. Wheeler cannot see. The President of the Nationalist Club in Ventura stood by my side as we paid our taxes the other day, and turning to me he said, "You and I could run this county for one-third of what it costs through these officials!" "Yes," said I, "and are you not thankful that government officials do not run everything?" In that case there would be nothing left! There was a general laugh at the sudden turn. He bit his lips and stammered out, "It is not a parallel case." The idea that a nation would accumulate untold wealth by a system that requires no labor until all the youth were twenty-one years old, and after that were required to work only a few hours a day till forty-five, and after that age nothing, save perhaps the holding of an office if they choose, is chimerical in the largest degree. It might do in some other and more fertile world. It won't do in this, where "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

The "atavism" of the scheme, the rushing of Bellamy and Wheeler to the defense of sinners, excusing them from guilt and desert of punishment by the plea that they can't help it any more than one can help scrofulous sores from breaking out, is odious, wicked, devilish. What is more wicked than to defend and excuse sin? Let me ask Mr. Wheeler what he thinks God would have done with him and Bellamy if, when the Lord was about to rain fire upon Sodom, they had rushed before the angel and said: "Hold, hold! Do not punish them. They are not to blame. They can't help it; it is atavism. It is wicked to burn up these unfortunate people. Send them to the hospital." Mr. Wheeler, God in the Bible don't excuse sin as you and Bellamy do; nor does the conscience in the breast; do you know what remorse is? But one is shocked at Mr. Wheeler when we read his answer to my argument against charging our sins to ancestral blood. I asked,

Where did Adam and Eve get their atavism? Where did Cain get his? Where, in a few years after, did the world that was damned get theirs? And where did the angels that fell get theirs? Mr. Wheeler answers, "That is a conundrum. It can hardly be due to a bad financial system. I must refer it to the bad moral system of the old dispensation, and there leave it for solution." Horrible! Charge God with setting up "a bad moral system" and then punish men for its legitimate results!
S. BRISTOL.

THE BIBLE WORKERS' INSTITUTE.

The men's building of the Bible Workers' Institute is opened to-day, January 16th. Mr. Moody has come on to attend the exercises, which include addresses by several of the leading Christian workers of the city. Admission by invitation only. The building is a handsome one of brick, of three stories and a basement, 100 by 120 feet, with a court of 30 feet square within. It has a pleasant and sunny, though not conspicuous, position, being in the heart of that closely built block on one corner of which "Moody's church" stands. The new building is seen only after treading the narrow passage between the church and the three houses occupied by ladies.

There are now in attendance fifty gentlemen and forty-five ladies. In the morning they hear lectures on Bible doctrines and practical methods. Special attention is also given to vocal and instrumental music. Their afternoons are mostly employed in visiting, the city being districted for the purpose, and in the evening the young men are generally off assisting in various missions of the city. A careful report of all work done is made in books furnished for the purpose. The same lectures, substantially, are given evenings to other general audiences varying from 50 to 400 in number.

There is no charge for tuition. The cost of room and board is about \$4 a week. From the large number of applications on hand, it is thought the new building, accommodating 150, will soon be filled.

Mr. Moody, in his address last night, described the object of the institute as five-fold—to train (1) women for foreign missions, (2) women for city mission work, (3) men of musical talent for preceptors, (4) men for work in saloons and gambling houses, (5) men for evangelists.

Chicago is at last having a touch of non-Californian weather. The stoves in the street-cars smoke cheerily; miniature icicles hang from moustaches; the crowd pass with quickened step and scarlet cheeks. The river is still open to navigation, but there is no such rush as two months ago, when I have seen lines of vehicles three blocks long, including twenty street-cars, waiting for the draw-bridges to close. PAULUS.
CHICAGO, JAN. 16, 1890.

SAN JACINTO NOTES.

The special meetings that have been kept up continuously since December 8th closed last night, January 26th. The work of the first three weeks, under the lead of Rev. O. D. Crawford, evangelist, has already been reported in these notes. There was an interim of one day between the going of Mr. Crawford and the coming of Rev. O. B. Read. That evening the people came out and carried on the meeting, the sermon being preached by Rev. J. A. Wachob, the earnest pastor of the Methodist church.

The next night Evangelist Read was with us, and he remained nearly three weeks, "pouring the Word" into the hearts of a large number of hearers. People began to talk about "the man who knows more about the Bible than any man we have ever seen." The attendance at the afternoon Bible readings and the week-night services grew larger and larger as the days passed. Men and women who have been in the valley several years and have seldom been inside any of our churches—some of them never before—came out to hear the man who believed the Bible from Genesis through Revelation, and who always gave a clear reason for his belief. Some among the skeptics were convinced, and trustfully accepted Christ as their Saviour. The thoughtless became thoughtful; the "almost persuaded" became fully persuaded; Christian people who had before been content with following afar off drew near to their Master; and to-day many are walking in the light who two months ago were in darkness.

Rev. O. B. Read is a son of Rev. Dr. Read, the pastor of one of the Baptist churches of Los Angeles. He is a man of broad culture, drawing his illustrations skillfully from nature, literature, philosophy, and yet he is a man of one Book. He delights in the study of prophecy, turning often to the mysteries of the book of Revelation, yet seldom impresses one as straining an interpretation. I could not, a moment ago, write the words "from Genesis to

Revelation," for in this case the Bible seems to be an open book from Genesis through Revelation. Mr. Read believes in the Word of God as the sword of the Spirit, and uses it with skill and effect.

The meetings, under the lead of the two evangelists, were held at the Congregational church, all denominations uniting and working together as children of one family—Methodists, Congregationalists, "Christians," Baptists and the Holiness people. When Mr. Read left his meeting was carried over to the Methodist church and continued one week, some one of the local pastors preaching each evening.

The results of such a season of refreshing cannot be expressed by words or figures. Suffice it to say that Christians have been built up in the faith, the Bible is a new book in many a home and heart, and about fifty persons have united with the various churches of the place since this new year began.
SAN JACINTO, JANUARY, 27, 1890.

FROM MALHEUR, OREGON.

DEAR PACIFIC: I have not written for a long time, for the simple reason that everything continued as it was—one long, continued, widespread drought; and in writing as in talking, if we have nothing pleasant to communicate, it is better to be still. At last it seems as though the spell may be broken, for the snow commenced falling in November, and we hope there will be water enough for next summer, as the snow is about twenty inches deep on the level, and from four to ten feet in the mountains. Owing to the winter closing in so early, there is a great deal of stock that has not been gathered in yet, and a large proportion will probably die in the mountains. Before the last heavy snowfall, some gentlemen went to get some horses that were "snowed in," and they had to get off their horses and tramp the snow until it rose in walls on either side of the trail, higher than their horses' backs, and on this narrow track they drove their starving horses through the drifts, and got them home.

The supply of feed that has been raised here has been very small, and it is natural to suppose the losses in stock, even in the feed-yards, will be very heavy; but of course we knew it must be so, before we could have a better season agriculturally.

A dear friend who has lately returned from a trip to Southern California, discourses so eloquently about the beautiful roses, and the orange groves of that lovely land that we almost sigh for wings that we might "fly from this land of storm, where all that is fair must pine." However, observation always leads to the conclusion that our circumstances or surroundings do not cause our happiness or unhappiness, but as Christ our Saviour said, "The kingdom of heaven is within you," and the more we love and trust him, and the more submissive we are to his will, even under adverse circumstances, the happier we will be. There has not been much done religiously this winter, though the little churches are holding their own, determined to do what they can for the Master. A letter from Rev. Cephas F. Clapp, Home Missionary Sup't for Oregon, has led us to hope that the Congregational church might soon be represented in Malheur, or at least in Baker County.

Our hearts have been saddened lately by another letter from our beloved sister, S. C. H., the Salem correspondent of THE PACIFIC, speaking of failing health. She says she fears she will have to give up writing altogether, and yet how sweet to read her words of loving submission to her Father's will, feeling that whatever he permits is best. May the dear Lord spare this precious life and restore her to perfect health and usefulness again!

Wishing THE PACIFIC and all its readers a happy and prosperous New Year, I close, for surely THE PACIFIC helps to make ours happy. MARIA LOCKY.
January 12, 1890.

ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES.—The Thirty-seventh anniversary exercises of the San Francisco Young Men's Christian Association were held at Odd Fellows' Hall, Sunday afternoon, January 26th. There was a very large attendance; in fact every seat in the hall was taken. Mr. George W. Gibbs presided, and the anniversary address was delivered by Mr. S. M. Sayford of Massachusetts. The anniversary was one of the largest and most profitable ever held in connection with the Association. A large male chorus led the singing, and over one hundred business men occupied seats on the platform together with many of our city pastors. The new building canvass is progressing encouragingly, about \$80,000 having been subscribed up to this date.

Under date of January 20th a friend writes from Florida: "The fall and winter have been warm and pleasant. It is over two months since much rain has fallen."

LETTER FROM BROOKLYN.

It would be probably carrying coals to Newcastle to enter into details of the settlement of Doctor Lyman Abbott over the Plymouth congregation, an ecclesiastical event with which your readers are probably familiar. The feature of it that has interested the outside public is the indication it gives of a further drift away from the Scriptural theology of the Church, a natural result of the polity which is emphasized by that Christian society. Pure individualism seems to reach that outcome inevitably.

The agreement of the heirs of the late A. T. Stewart to a compromise by which the large estate of that great merchant is now satisfactorily distributed, disposes of a matter which has been long in litigation. The Cathedral of the Incarnation at Garden City, whose valuable holdings now aggregate several millions, will by this arrangement have an endowment of \$800,000 in invested funds, the interest of which will provide between \$30,000 and \$40,000 annually for the support of its important work. This will place the Cathedral itself and St. Mary's and St. Paul's schools on a sure basis. It is believed that future bequests from Mr. Hilton and others of the heirs will be added, still further to enlarge the scope and usefulness of this great Christian foundation.

The English lecturer and archaeologist, Miss Amelia B. Edwards, has drawn very large audiences to hear her remarkably instructive and entertaining lectures on Egyptian exploration. She is a very learned woman, and has been honored with several collegiate degrees, which in her case are not mere compliments. A course by her of six lectures, finely illustrated by the stereopticon, were lately given at the Cooper Institute, New York, free to the public through the provision of Columbia College. The large hall was densely crowded. It was pleasant to see this interest taken by the general public, largely of the middle class, in a subject so remote from present life, and to observe the evident intelligence of the people respecting the details of archaeological research.

It is evident that a considerable amount of popular education has been reached, and this result is due in no small degree to the wide-spread circulation of our valuable magazines. The public school system has indeed prepared the way, but the magazines have added that general culture which is now apparent among the masses. The careful reading of a single magazine in a household is virtually an education for the family. Take, for instance, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and it will be found that its influence in cultivating the taste, imparting general information as well as providing suggestive entertainment, is a very great one. It justly ranks highest for its excellence of literary expression, but it presents, besides, a wide range of subjects both of an instructive and amusing character. It can hardly be otherwise. What such writers as Oliver Wendell Holmes, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Henry James, John Fiske, James Russell Lowell, Miss Jewett, Agnes Repplier, "Charles Egbert Craddock," or Margaret Deland, give us will certainly be best of its class, whether fiction or poetry, essays, philosophy, history or science. An especial attraction announced for the present year is a serial entitled "Sidney," by the author of "John Ward, Preacher." As a rule, the *Atlantic* can be commended for the character of its contents as free from objectionable features. This is an important point in these days. It has indeed made some mistakes, as in giving place to a series of papers, "Yone Santo," whose author took especial pains to misrepresent missionary work in Japan, and very unjustly, as has been fully proved.

Brooklyn and New York, wedded now for several years by the great bridge, are to be still further cemented by the construction of another similar structure which will connect the Eastern district of our city with the Grand-street section of New York. A tunnel is also projected, and will probably be realized within a few years. New York is spreading rapidly northward of the Harlem river, which is already spanned by a number of bridges and is to have tunnels under it. Whether the Columbus exposition comes here or not, this metropolis is destined to remarkable growth, involving great changes within a few years. So it would seem with the whole country and the world. I am watching with interest the scheme of Russia to push its railroad building through Siberia to the Pacific, for I hope yet to go to Europe by rail by way of Alaska to Behring Straits and across Siberia. Perhaps, after all, as a result of the close intercommunication of all nationalities rapidly going forward, we shall see as an actual fact Tennyson's poetic dream of "The parliament of man, the federation of the world."
R. B. SNOWDEN.
81 St. Mark's Ave., Brooklyn, Jan. 23, 1890.

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

PRESIDENT—Miss Lucy M. Fay, 901 Sutter street, San Francisco.
VICE-PRESIDENTS—Mrs. J. K. McLean, Mrs. W. C. Ford, Mrs. J. M. Parker, Mrs. W. H. Scudder, Mrs. C. S. Richards.
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AUDITOR—E. P. Flint, Esq.

ANNIVERSARY OF WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

The following items, taken from the *Congregationalist* and a Boston daily, give interesting facts concerning the work of "the mother society," and her recent anniversary. We sympathize with the Board in the resignation of Mrs. Albert Bowker, for many years its President. Her mantle falls, however, upon one who is an enthusiastic leader, and in full sympathy with the work—Mrs. Judson Smith, wife of one of the Secretaries of the American Board. We congratulate the Board upon the liberal policy it has adopted with reference to auxiliary societies.

"The combined drawbacks of the epidemic and rainy weather affected but slightly the usual large attendance upon the Woman's Board of Missions, held in Mt. Vernon Church, Boston, January 15th and 16th. The retiring president, Mrs. Albert Bowker, opened the exercises by reading Mary's matchless song in Luke's Gospel. The home secretary, Miss A. B. Child, followed with an admirably condensed report, the most important feature of which was the following minute, adopted the previous day at the private meeting of delegates, more than 150 of whom were present from the twenty-two branches and one conference association which compose the Board:

"We recommend that where exceptional circumstances make a degree of liberty on the part of local societies needful for harmony and efficiency in foreign missionary work, the recognition and standing of such societies as auxiliaries and mission circles be left to the discretion of branch officers.

"We suggest also that in those cases where the women of a church wish to include in one society all their benevolent work, or even all their missionary work, distinct departments of the work may be so arranged as to include a department of foreign missions which, in itself, may be an auxiliary to the Woman's Board of Missions."

It will be remembered that a committee of thirty-seven, having for its chairman, Miss E. S. Gilman, president of the Eastern Connecticut Branch, was appointed last year to consider whether the cause of foreign missions would be promoted by just such a change in the policy of the Board as is indicated by the above minute. For ten years there has been a serious difference of opinion on this point, with real danger, in some localities, of an open rupture with the Board. These differences operated against the formation of the Woman's Home Missionary Association in 1881, and this removal of a restriction which has hindered somewhat the largest usefulness of both societies will doubtless be hailed with general joy. The result is due mainly to the pressure brought to bear by the women of the Philadelphia, New York and Vermont branches, whose wisdom and patience in the matter deserve the highest praise.

"The assistant treasurer, Miss H. W. May, reported a gain in receipts over last year of \$8,010. The sum total received was \$112,110.23, of which \$17,419.33 were legacies. *Life and Light*, in its attractive new dress, has increased its circulation to 15,500, and the *Mission Dayspring* now has over 18,000 subscribers. The annual survey of the foreign field, usually given with almost photographic fidelity by Mrs. S. B. Pratt, was divided this year between the two corresponding secretaries, Mrs. J. A. Haskell and Mrs. J. F. Hill. They gave a glimpse of the power for righteousness exerted through the influence of thirty-two boarding and 228 day schools, one hospital, two dispensaries, and one training school for nurses. These constitute the solid framework through which 111 missionaries and 143 Bible women send the warm life-giving currents of Christianity. Eleven new missionaries (besides four under appointment) were sent out last year, and an equal number returned to their respective fields."—*Congregationalist*.

Among the missionaries who were present and addressed the meetings were five from Turkey: Mrs. E. R. Montgomery of Adana, Miss Mary P. Wright, Mrs. Fannie M. Newell, formerly of our Broosa school, now stationed at Constantinople, Miss Grace N. Kimball, and Miss Nellie Bartlett; also a native Greek ("our" Calliope), Mrs. Vaitse—educated at Broosa, India—was represented by Mrs. Gutterston and Miss Bis-

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sell, also by a native Hindu, Mrs. Kar-marker, now in this country studying medicine. Mrs. M. L. Stinson of the Shansi mission and Miss Ella J. Newton of Foochow spoke of China, Miss Anna T. Davis of Japan, Miss Tyler of Africa, and Mrs. Rand of Micronesia.

One evening the ladies of the board held a reception in the chapel of Park-street Church, where delegates, missionaries, clergymen of the Congregational churches in the city, and a few other friends, responded to invitations received. After supper and a social hour, Rev. Dr. Gregg, presiding, introduced Dr. Clark, Foreign Secretary of the American Board, who made a brief address, and Rev. Edward G. Porter of Lexington, who interested the audience with an account of Missionaries and missions visited in his recent tour around the world.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION FIELD NOTES.

DEAR PACIFIC: Our good brother, Dr. McLean, after giving his people a bright sermon about resisting *la grippe*, and being thankful even if taken down with it, is having a good chance to take his own medicine and practice his own preaching. This he is doing royally. He sent a brave greeting to them from his sick bed yesterday, at which they smiled through their tears of sympathy. It was my privilege, both at the preparatory service and the communion table, to stand in this brother's place, and tell again of the Elder Brother of us all by the memorials of his broken body and outpoured blood. What a comfort in this dying world to serve the Lord of Glory and of Life! The nation mourns losses at Washington. Our dear ones are going home from Oberlin, Los Angeles, Minneapolis. "Dying is only going home." Ten were added to the church, six to the home church, and four to the Market-street branch. In the evening I broke bread again for the Good Will Mission, meeting an earnest group of young people, who second Pastor Robbins' efforts heartily. No Congregational Union collections yesterday, but the prayers and good-will of these friends will avail for our part of the gifts of these churches in the Father's good time.

As I passed the crowded Woodworth tent and heard the wondrously sweet singing, I could but pray that many may be captured for Christ. Certainly the crowds are more orderly than before. I am reminded by the strange prophecy of the Norwegian dreamer of the destruction of these cities, that a day was once so dark in New Haven that they feared the end of the world was at hand. Some members of the legislature were in favor of adjournment. "Mr. President," said a brave Puritan, "I move that candles be brought into the house. If the end of this world has come I want to be found doing my duty." If *grippe* or tidal wave, or earthquake catch us I know of nothing I would rather be found doing than helping churches of Jesus Christ.

I have the pleasure of announcing to the ladies you will take to the Congregational Club at the Green-street church, Friday evening, February 14th, that Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper is to be added to the list of speakers. In the name of our Saviour I invoke the prayers and assistance at this meeting of all our fellowship who desire a wise and generous extension of all our missionary work. It is my sincere desire so to forward the interests of the Union as to aid the A. B. C. F. M., the A. H. M. S., and advance the Redeemer's kingdom of love in the hearts of men.
EDWIN S. WILLIAMS.

Iowa has just lost one of her most brilliant scholars, whom the inroads of consumption for twenty years have not kept from study and thought and contributions to learned and periodical publications. Ex-professor Fisk Parsons Brewer, formerly of Iowa College, was the son of two missionaries of the A. B. C. F. M. to the Jews, and named for two others. He was born at Smyrna, 1832, was tutor at Beloit and Yale (where he graduated in '53), preacher to the Freedmen, Professor in the universities of North and South Carolina, and United States Consul at Athens, before he came to Iowa in 1871. He succeeded a great scholar, the late Dr. John Avery, who went to Bowdoin that year, and is succeeded by another, Dr. John M. Crow. Professor Brewer resigned in '83. He was a nephew of Judge S. J. Field and brother of Judge D. J. Brewer (of the United States Supreme Court), both of whom were in his father's family with him at Smyrna.

While the increase in marriages between English people in Great Britain has not kept pace with the population, being only 4 per cent. in nine years, marriages among the Jewish inhabitants have increased no less than 65 per cent.

[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

HOW? WHEN? WHERE? WHY?

You ask me how I gave my heart to Christ.
I do not know.
There came a yearning for him in my soul
So long ago!
I found earth's flowerets would fade and die;
I wept for something that would satisfy.
And then, and then, somehow, I seemed to
dare
To lift my broken heart to Him in prayer.
I do not know;
I cannot tell you how;
I only know
He is my Saviour now.

You ask me when I gave my heart to Christ.
I cannot tell.
The day, or just the hour, I do not now
Remember well.
It must have been when I was all alone,
The light of his forgiving Spirit shone
Into my heart, so clouded o'er with sin;
I think I think 'twas then I let him in.
I do not know,
I cannot tell you when;
I only know
He is so dear since then!

You ask me where I gave my heart to Christ.
I cannot say.
That sacred place has faded from my sight,
As yesterday.
Perhaps he thought it better I should not
Remember where! How I should love that
spot!
I think I could not tear myself away,
For I should want forever there to stay.
I do not know,
I cannot tell you where;
I only know
He came and blessed me there.

You ask me why I gave my heart to Christ.
I can reply.
It is a wondrous story; listen, while
I tell you why.
My heart was drawn, at length, to seek his
face;
I was alone, I had no resting-place.
I heard of how he loved me—with a love
Of depth so great, of height so far above
All human ken,
I longed such love to share,
And sought it then
Upon my knees in prayer.

You ask me why I thought this loving Christ
Would heed my prayer.
I knew he died upon the cross for me—
I mailed him there.
I heard his dying cry—"Father, forgive!"
I saw him drink death's cup that I might live.
My head was bowed upon my breast in shame.
He called me, and in penitence I came.
He heard my prayer—
I cannot tell you how,
Nor when, nor where.
Why, I have told you now.

THE THREEFOLD EVIDENCE.

BY REV. A. L. PARK, REDLANDS, CAL.

"Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God (I John v: 1).
"Every one that loveth is born of God" (I John iv: 7).
"Every one that doeth righteousness is born of Him" (I John ii: 29).
Our Saviour announces the necessity of the new birth in order to our becoming children of the heavenly King and of the household of faith. Nothing should interest us more than to know the marks of so great a change. In the first Epistle of John we are pointed to three positive evidences of the new birth.
"Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God." More faith is the evidence. "Every one that loveth is born of God." Here the test is affection. "Every one that doeth righteousness is born of Him." Here the proof appears in the conduct. If a person finds in himself either of these characteristics of a child of God, he is permitted to rejoice in hope.

There are doubtless many disciples who do not know that they are such, and to these the inspired descriptions of the Christian life should be explained for their comfort. For a believer to live all his days uncertain as to his salvation is not the worst of calamities; it is more dreadful to suppose we are Christians when we are not. But it is quite possible to be a child of God and to be satisfied of the fact.

There are those who feel sure that they believe. They not only have the historic faith, shared by most of our population, receiving the Bible as God's word and Jesus as his Son and the world's Saviour, but they rest their hearts upon him who died for them and rose again. Conscious of being both sinful and helpless, they commit soul and body just as they are to the Son of God, who promises to forgive those who believe on him and to raise them up at the last day. Often such believers do not perceive in their heart or life the distinguishing marks of Christians; they are plainly not such persons as the Bible describes as saints, and they dare not assume the Christian name. Thus they lose the benefit which their confession of Christ would bring to themselves and others, and fail to grow in grace; for to grow they need to recognize that they live. Their faith is demonstration that the new birth has been experienced, and they should now joyfully leave the rudiments of piety and go on to build themselves up in the faith and in likeness to Christ. If they truly believe, whatever their imperfections, they are real disciples, for "whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God."

There are others who cannot understand what it is to believe. They are accustomed to be controlled by their affections, and faith conveys no clear idea to their minds; it is a foggy thing that they cannot grasp. But love—they know what that is, and are conscious that in their hearts is affection for Him who first loved them. Or, if they are not sure about their loving Christ; if He seems too vague and mysterious for their love to fasten upon, they are sure that they love Christians. Their heart is warm towards all good people, and they cherish peculiar regard for any whom they believe to be real disciples. Now, observe what the apostle says of such: "Every one that loveth is born of God."

Not merely every one that loveth God (that is not said), but that loveth—whether God or His children. The statement includes love for Christians as such. John defines love of God and love for Christians as identical: "He that saith he is in the light, and hateth his brothers, is in darkness even until now; he that loveth his brother abideth in the light. We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren; he that loveth not his brother abideth in death." Indeed, in the text, the thought prominent before John's mind is not the love that goes out direct to God himself, but the love of men for Christ's sake. The whole sentence runs: "Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God." If you are not sure whether you love God whom you have not seen, do you love your brother whom you have seen? This, the apostle says, is equivalent. Setting aside, then, for the moment, the question whether or not you have faith, if you love Christ or the people who follow Him, you may comfort yourself with this strong saying: "Every one that loveth is born of God." But suppose we discover in ourselves neither faith nor love, as we understand them, there remains another test of piety: "Every one that doeth righteousness is born of Him." The doing of righteousness means doing right because it is right. This is something more than common morality; it is the habitual choice of that way of life that is commanded by conscience and the word of God. Weak disciples, who stumble at the word faith, who dare not say that they have love such as God requires, may ask themselves: "Am I habitually trying to do right? Is God's law the rule of my conduct?" The meaning is not, Are you perfect, keeping the law in everything? but, Is it your standard? Do you apply it to your daily life and endeavor to do those things that please God? Are you righteous, not self-righteous, satisfied with yourself, but trying to obey God, though aware of partial failure in the endeavor? The apostle's saying is for your comfort: "Every one that doeth righteousness is born of Him." And he says the same thing several times: "This is the love of God, that we keep his commandments." "Hereby we do know that we know him, if we keep his commandments." "Whoso keepeth His word, in him is the love of God perfected; hereby know we that we are in Him." Observe, this habitual conduct was one of the evidences to John himself of his own conversion: "Hereby know we that we are in Him." John considered himself a Christian because he loved, and because his actions were right.

Now, it should be noticed that these three evidences of the new birth are not different things; as though one man had faith, another love, and another good works. They are but phases of one and the same character, and whoever has either, has all. But not in the same degree. In one disciple faith seems most prominent; in a second, love; in a third, righteousness. Yet every Christian has all three evidences, strong or weak, and cannot lack either, since the three are one. They are distinguished in this way, the better to enable us to detect them, that we may rejoice in what we can discover that we have either. Man's knowledge of himself is very imperfect; and the Lord permits us to believe that if we find that he has given us either faith, love, or righteousness, he can find in us all three, and will develop them more and more.

So radical and wondrous a change is conversion, and pictured by such strong figures in the Bible, that we are led to expect to find it in experience something striking and half miraculous. How vast the transition from death to life, from darkness to light, from slavery in sin to the liberty of the sons of God! But it is usually like that great phenomenon to which it is compared—the turning of night into day. Sunrise is instantaneous, yet no one but an astronomer can tell exactly when it occurs. So gradually are its preparations made, that when, without any "sunrise gun," it comes, you cannot locate it without the help of an almanac and chronometer.

Conversion is always instantaneous. It is a birth; it is crossing a line. There is never a time in a man's history, when he is neither converted nor unconverted. We pass from the dominion of Satan into the kingdom and arms of Christ, as a man steps over a boundary line in a moment's space. But it does not usually seem so to us, nor can most persons tell when the change occurs. Many, therefore, deny that conversion is sudden; they are not aware of anything sudden in their history; the unfolding of grace appears extremely gradual and slow. But somewhere, if they are Christians, they crossed a line, met with a change, and became what they were not before. The fact that they do not know the day, nor perhaps the year, when they were born of God, does not make it the less certain, and need not occasion them uneasiness.

The Bible writers draw sharp distinctions between saints and sinners. We see a contrast between the two in the first Psalm, or the Epistles; but in the actual world it is by no means easy to tell one from the other. A holy life is represented as so different from a life of sin that we should suppose no one could be in doubt for a moment which one he was leading; yet, practically, we find it difficult to classify our fellow-men, or even ourselves, or say who has been born of God.

Every map emphasizes boundary lines.

More conspicuous in the atlas than mountain chains or navigable rivers, you see the brightly painted lines that divide countries and States. So vivid and obtrusive are these division lines, that the student of the map would naturally think that the most striking objects a traveler, going over the world, would meet would be the boundary lines of political divisions; whereas, in fact, the boundaries are invisible. Neither do countries which on the map appear yellow, green, or red, present any such color when actually seen.

My native town lies on the borders of two States, and on the stage road, when the boundary was crossed, a stone pillar was set up. But many subordinate roads lead from our State into the others, on which no monuments tell travelers that they have crossed a line. On any of these highways persons may quit one State and enter the other, but they would not know exactly where. The line would be crossed, though the point was unmarked. So in conversion the soul always crosses an invisible line; the name of it is "born of God." On some roads in which God leads sinners to himself the boundary between death and life is clearly marked, and the convert, when he passes that point, knows it. The apostle Paul came into the kingdom by such a road; so did Martin Luther; so did Charles G. Finney; also many other saints, but not the majority. They saw the boundary stone marked on one side "Death by Sin," and on the other "Life in Christ," and knew that they had passed from death unto life.

Now, these texts from John are monuments, set up along the highway, telling us when we cross the line. "Whosoever believeth is born of God. Every one that loveth is born of God. Every one that doeth righteousness is born of Him." Even one of these monuments the pilgrim might pass and not observe it, but that would not hinder his arriving in another kingdom, because, whether recognized or not, the line would be there all the same.

Countries are often divided by mountain ranges. Now, of all objects, one might imagine that the most obvious must be a mountain top; surely this cannot be hidden. But we often cross mountain tops without seeing them, even when looking for them. On the Rocky Mountains you are impressed with the difficulty of recognizing the summit; there are many ups and downs, and looking for the top, you are told you have left it a mile behind. Now the new birth is as notable and prominent as a mountain top, yet one may experience it and not be aware at the time; the evidence may come a good while afterwards; but the uncertainty as to the time of the change throws no doubt upon the fact. Journeying from Switzerland to Italy by the Simplon pass, the Kingdom begins beyond the Alps, but there is no sign of it to the traveler. For miles the road seems nearly level, and a pedestrian toiling over that romantic pass might be wholly ignorant of the time when he entered Italy. No balmy airs he feels, no vineyards or olive groves he sees; the region of the Alps does not remind him of the land of beauty and song. The air is thick, the vegetation scant, yet on that bleak summit Italy has begun. The wayfarer, steadily advancing, meets indications of the change of territory he made when he crossed that unseen boundary. He may not know, while standing over the cold summit, whether he is in snowy Switzerland or sunny Italy, but the air grows softer, the skies grow bluer, and the pilgrim says: "I have no idea when I passed the frontier, but these scenes, costumes, fruits, are proof positive that I am in Italy."

If by any road you have entered the kingdom of God's dear Son, you may have evidences enough of the fact. The way is one; Jesus is the way. But so differently are we led that it seems as if there were many roads. If you saw, as you went, no boundary stone; if you have no such altered feelings or conduct as you were led to expect; if you are not sure that you can claim either of the divine marks of being born of God—faith, love, righteousness of life—still, are you trying to be a child of God? If you set your face towards Him and persevere, before long you will know where you are. The fruits of the spirit will be evidence that you are in the kingdom of heaven. "The fruits of the spirit are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance"; when these grow, there is salvation. They may not appear on the mountain top where the line is crossed, but in due time will abound in the heart and life if we press on. We are not to stop to hunt for the line, but go forward for our evidences. Faith is on the way marked out for us, so is Christian love, so is a holy life—all evidences that we are born of God. Perhaps it would be a misfortune if the signs were too plain at the outset; we might be tempted to sit down and go no further. There are those who dreamed that they knew when they passed into the kingdom, and they have never stirred since. Tried by either of the three tests mentioned, they fail; yet they hope, because they imagine that they once crossed a line. Our safety is in forgetting the things that are behind and reaching forth to those which are before.

Does it not, then, appear a practicable thing for you to begin the Christian life situated just as you are? What is to be done? To believe that Jesus is the Christ, to love him and love your brethren, and to do righteousness. Either of these roads leads into the kingdom. Believing, loving, obeying, according to your measure of grace, it shall be said

of you, "He is born of God." Your way forward will bring you to sunny regions where joy and peace abound and fruits of holiness; you shall taste, in pressing on, all blessings that God promises to those who are born of Him."

UNITY IN THE FAITH.

A union of the churches is one of the grandest ideals that could be presented before Christians at the present or any time. Though not now occupying a prominent place in the minds of the people, it is yet an ideal which sooner or later must come upon us with impressive force. The old saying which has often been quoted—that there are "many creeds among mortals, but one with the immortal"—has in it the germ as it were of this ideal, and even points toward its subsequent realization. What are all these common platforms upon which all denominations stand but the innate and inherent desire of Christians towards a unified church. What form this church may assume remains yet to be seen, but it is evident that it must necessarily be one broad enough to admit all, yet narrow enough to preserve the faith intact from heresy and heretical tendencies. We earnestly desire to see the consummation of such an object, and long for the days when this reproach will be removed from Christianity and the multitude of believers shall at length be "one fold under one Shepherd," holding one faith, joined in one baptism, and acknowledging one Lord as the supreme head and crown of this Church.

COM.

THE WAY TO USE SUNDAY.

What is the use of Sunday to a business man or a working man? It often seems to put a stop to his work just when he wants another day; but a sensible man knows that he cannot get on without his Sunday, or day of rest and change and recreation. Men have tried to do without it, but were obliged to give it up. The men who do not keep Sunday are generally bitter, discontented, hard and disagreeable. Why is it so, and what is the use of Sunday?

1. Sunday is a day of rest. No man was ever intended to go on at his work day after day without change. It is not healthy. This was partly the reason why one day in seven was appointed for rest. The Sabbath was made for man. God considered man's health when he made the law. He told him to do things because they were good for him, and not to do other things because they were bad for him.

2. Sunday is a day of worship. Man is an animal, and needs rest. Man is a spiritual animal, and needs to lift his mind to God and hold communion with him, and offer sacrifice and thanksgiving. Without these, there is no worship; and Sunday is a day on which he can do this without the distraction of business.

3. Sunday is a day of instruction. Sermon-hearing is not worship, however much we may learn from it or be moved by it. But we ought to know whom, and why, and how we worship. Wilful ignorance is a common vice among Christians, and many men who think that they worship God do not know as much about their religion as they could learn from a five-cent catechism.

4. Sunday is a day of good works. Our Lord and Master healed the sick on the Sabbath, and preached that the right use of the day was rest from work for self, but not from work for others. Sunday may be used as a day for words of mercy: All spiritual works of mercy may be done on Sunday. To convert the sinner, instruct the ignorant, counsel the doubtful, comfort the sorrowful, bear wrongs patiently, forgive injuries—all these are Sunday works, and every man can do some of them if he will. But that is not all. The corporal works of mercy can be done on Sunday, and few men can do them except on Sunday. A man can feed the hungry, clothe the naked, entertain strangers, visit the sick, go to see prisoners, even if he has no other opportunity.—Iron Cross.

Now, this old question is a three-fold one, and ought to run like this: Shall we marry? Shall we marry? Shall we marry? Clearly, it seems to me that the emphasis of the discussion "has been put in the wrong place." We should slip it further along the line of interrogative. It is less important to inquire, Do they right to marry? Were they wrong to marry? than to ask, Did they right to marry? * * * Divorce, at best, is pure surgery; nothing more nor less; necessary at the extremity, never to be tolerated when the milder measure will save the life. The truly scientific, and therefore the hopeful, treatment of this social disease must, I believe, consist more and more, and must some time consist entirely in the preventive, and what we might call the attentive, means of cure. What is the use—what is the use—in wearing out our brains to invent scalpels and probes, to cut, and sew, and carve, and bury, when a careful course of the right remedy would heal the patient? In brief, so long as we are allowed to marry as we do, what right have we to expect anything else than unmarried and remarried to the end of this weak and wicked world?—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in North American Review for January.

Our wishes are the true touchstone of our estate; such as we wish it to be we are. Worldly hearts affect earthly things; spiritual, divine. We cannot better know what we are indeed than by what we would be.—Bishop Hall.

SCRAP OF BIBLE CONVERSATION.

EDITORS PACIFIC: The following is a scrap taken from a letter of C. A. Clark, A. B. C. F. M. missionary at Kumamoto, Japan, descriptive of a conversation that took in his English Bible class, a class that has been meeting only about eighteen months, many of the members of which were totally ignorant of the Bible previous to that time:

Perhaps you would be interested in a scrap of the conversation of the Bible class this evening. We were reading in Luke the account of Christ's triumphant ride into Jerusalem. The various hard words and difficult points had been duly considered. Finally I asked:

"But is Jesus really a king? He has no armies, with guns and swords."

"Yes," Kanada replied; "he is not a king of men's bodies but of men's hearts."

"But how about His soldiers?"

"I think he has soldiers," said Iwara; "All Christians are His soldiers."

"But they carry no swords?"

"Yes, the truth of Christ and the Bible is their sword."

"Do you think that Christ and His soldiers can conquer the world by this weapon, the Bible?"

"Oh, yes!" came in response from several.

I then referred them to the passage about the "sword of the Spirit."

Yashida, the boy, rough, hard faced, blunt in speech, and at first inclined to sneer at everything, of whom I have written you once or twice before, spoke up: "I think the truth is the sword, but the Bible is the soldier's food."

"Then the Bible is quite a complete equipment for Christ's soldiers, is it not—weapons and food? But suppose he lets it lie on the shelf day after day, and week after week, or only takes it down occasionally for a few minutes?"

"I think it would become very rusty, and he would not be very skillful in its use," was Iwara's reply.

I believe in the sort of religion that puts me in the right feeling towards every other fellow.

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"In May last, my youngest child, fourteen months old, began to have sores upon his head and body. We applied various simple remedies without avail. The sores increased in number and discharged copiously. A physician was called, but the sores continued to multiply until in a few months they nearly covered the child's head and body. At last we began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In a few days a marked change for the better was manifest. The sores assumed a more healthy condition, the discharges were gradually diminished, and finally ceased altogether. The child is livelier, his skin is fresher, and his appetite better than we have observed for months."—Frank M. Griffin, Long Point, Texas.

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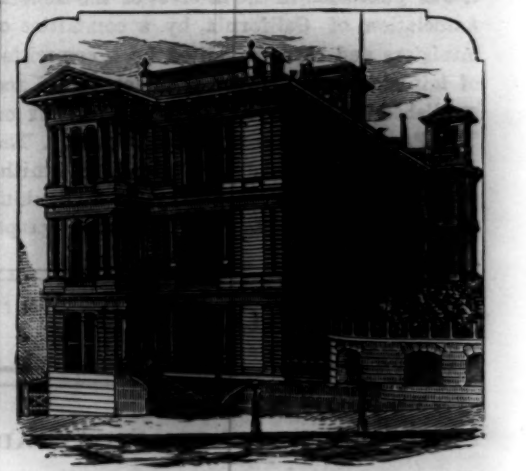
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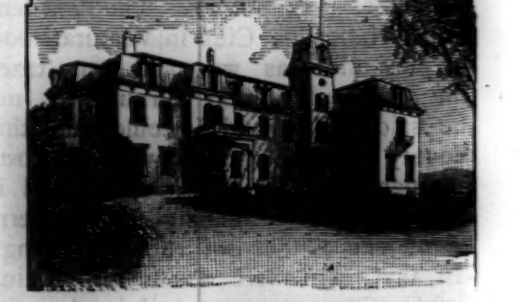
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THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

The land beyond the sea!
When will life's task be o'er?
When shall we reach that soft blue shore
O'er the dark strait, whose billows foam and roar?

When shall we come to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea?
The land beyond the sea!
How close it often seems
When flushed with evening's peaceful gleams;
And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait,
And dreams!

It longs to fly to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!
The land beyond the sea!
Sometimes distinct and near,
It grows upon the eye and ear,
And the gulf narrows to a thread-like mere;
We seem half way to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

The land beyond the sea!
Sometimes across the strait,
Like a drawbridge to a castle gate,
The slanting sunbeams lie, and seem to wait
For us to pass to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

The land beyond the sea!
Oh, low the lapping years,
Mid our not unobtrusive tears,
Have borne, now singly, now in fleets, the
biers,
Of those we love to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

The land beyond the sea!
How dark our present home!
By a dull beach and sullen foam
How wearily, how drearily we roam,
With arms outstretched to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

The land beyond the sea!
When will our toil be done?
Slow-footed years, more swiftly run
Into the gold of that unsetting sun!
Homelike are we for thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

The land beyond the sea!
Why fadeeth thou in light?
Why art thou better seen toward night?
Dear land, look always plain, look always
bright,
That we may gaze on thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

The land beyond the sea!
Sweet is thine endless rest;
But sweeter that Father's breast,
Upon thy shores eternally possessed;
For Jesus reigns o'er thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

—Faber.

HOW SHE GOT A GOOD COOK.

Some two years ago, disgusted and disheartened with the various shortcomings of servants in general, and cooks in particular, I asked my husband if he would not visit one of the "intelligent offices" and endeavor to secure, not exactly a good cook, for that I did not hope for, but the material out of which a good one might be made. He said he would try; although, like my own, his faith in "intelligences" was not boundless.

He left me, and on his return in the evening, told me that he—but perhaps it would be more explicit to give the result in his own words:

"Well, my dear, we may both congratulate ourselves. I hope we have now just what we want."

"Ah," I replied, "don't be too hasty in your hope. I suppose you had some trouble in your choice?"

"Trouble! Yes; it is something a little out of my line. But you know, my dear, I can do anything when I put my mind to it."

"Oh, yes, I dare say; but suppose you tell me why you think that you have now exactly what we want."

"Certainly. The experience is somewhat amusing in some points. When I entered the office, a buzz of curiosity greeted me from the occupants of two rows of benches strung along each side of the room. I had no recollection of ever before seeing so much Erin crowded into so compact a bunch. The head of the establishment sat at a desk at one end of the room; and her dress indicated her to be of the same sex as the occupants of the benches, although a very decided growth of hair on her upper lip, that a dude might have envied, raised a momentary doubt in my mind.

"She approached me as I entered, measuring out her words as if they were an article of short supply."

"Chambermaid, general housework, or cook?"

"Cook," I replied, thinking that if words were such a scarce commodity, I had better not be wasteful of them.

"Bridget O'Looligan, this way!"

"There was a slight rustle along the benches of Erin, and out of it rose a tall, brawny woman with a flowery nose."

"Does yez want a cook, sor?"

"Yes," I said. "I do. Do you know how to cook?"

"She eyed me from head to foot with a look of supreme contempt, and then blurted out with an emphasis that thickened her surrounding fragrance and made me anxious to get rid of Miss O'Looligan's presence as quickly as possible."

"Does I know how to cook! Does yez hear him, girls? Ye'll be askin' next does a duck know how ter swim! Yez want suit me?"

"I was rather pleased to note that I 'didn't suit' Miss O'Looligan, and as she took her seat on the bench of Erin, I walked over to the proprietress and requested that she would show me another sample."

She ran her eye first over one side of the room, and then over the other.

"Bridget MacLatherkin, this way!"

"Stop a moment," I said, as I saw a woman of about 280 pounds rise slowly from her seat. "All these are no doubt professional cooks, and know all about their art. Haven't you something a little different?—something that don't know quite so much—something of the

—the—raw material, as it were? I am not particular about her Christian name being Bridget. A rose by any other name might probably smell a little sweeter."

"She motioned the 280 pounds to sit down; then calling a little girl, said to her:

"Mary Geeghan is wanted this way!"

"The girl slipped through a side door and shortly reappeared, followed by a comely, modest-looking Irish girl, with a clear, rosy complexion, and whose whole appearance and manner bore the strongest contrast with her surrounding country women."

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Mary Geeghan, if you please, sir."

"Can you cook at all, Mary?"

"A little, sir, but only plain cooking."

"Are you willing to learn?"

"Willing? Oh, sir; sure I would be too glad."

"That will do, Mary. When can you come?"

"Any time, sir, that will suit you."

"To-morrow morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good; there's a card with the street and number."

"So, my dear," said my husband, "you will have a girl to-morrow, that, with your skillful training, ought—"

I won't bother you, Mr. Editor, with the conclusion of his speech, as he is sometimes afflicted with what is mistakenly supposed to be peculiar to the climate of Erin—that is, blarney. Suffice it to say, that two years have passed, and the tide of our kitchen affairs glides along without a ripple.—Mrs. C. H. R., in Table Talk.

A GREAT LADY.

A great lady, in two senses, is Mrs. Villard (Miss Garrison, of Boston), who is now residing in Berlin. She was invited recently to assist in the fair for the charitable foundation patronized by the Crown Princess of Prussia, and was asked to fill the part of a barmaid. There are numerous shining examples of Americans in London, having been "cast" for such a part in that city, for the sale of "American drinks," so called. Mrs. Villard being on sufficiently friendly terms with the Crown Princess to state her objections, did so and declined to assist in such an occupation, even for charity's sake. It is said that an apology was made to her, but for that we do not vouch. She afterwards took her place in the fair at a buffet, where there was nothing objectionable in the service, and it was noticed that the Crown Prince and Princess were frequent patrons at her table. How many "spoiled Americans" there are who would have been so flattered at the request of royalty or so anxious to be noted among the Serene Highnesses in attendance as to lose sight altogether of the part they were required to play. A lady lending herself to the sale of American drinks to any corner, recommending the "virtues of mashes and cobbles," is unfortunately not an impossible sight at an English fair. Mrs. Villard has set the fashion of declining to be a barmaid either in the American or English line of business.—The Christian Woman.

ORIENTAL JUSTICE.

Dr. Henry M. Scudder relates a case of Oriental justice that cannot be outdone for sharp and subtle discriminations even by a Philadelphia jurist:

"Four men, partners in business, bought some cotton bales. That the rats might not destroy the cotton they purchased a cat. They agreed that each should own a particular leg of the cat; and each adorned with beads and other ornaments the leg thus apportioned to him. The cat by an accident, injured one of its legs. The owner of that member wound about it a rag soaked in oil. The cat going too near the fire, set the rag on fire, and being in great pain, rushed in among the cotton bales where she had been accustomed to hunt rats. The cotton thereby took fire and was burned up. It was a total loss. The three other partners brought a suit to recover the value of the cotton against the fourth partner who owned the particular leg of the cat."

"The judge examined the case and decided thus: 'The leg that had the oil rag on it was hurt; the cat could not use that leg, in fact, it held up that leg, and ran with the other three legs. The three unhurt legs, therefore, carried the fire to the cotton, and are alone culpable. The injured leg is not to be blamed. The three partners who owned the three legs with which the cat ran to the cotton will pay the whole value of the bales to the partner who was the proprietor of the injured leg.'—Exchange.

CRUELTY.

It is a cruel thing to send a boy out into the world untought that alcohol in any form is fire, and will certainly burn him if he puts it into his stomach. It is a cruel thing to educate a boy in such a way that he has no adequate idea of the dangers that beset his path. It is a mean thing to send a boy out to take a place in society without understanding the relation of temperance to his own safety and prosperity and that of society. The national wealth goes into the ground. If we could only manage to bury it without having it pass thitherward in the form of a poisonous liquid through the inflamed bodies of our neighbors and friends, happy should we be. But this great, abominable curse dominates the world. The more thoroughly we can instruct the young concerning this dominating evil, the better it will be for them and for the world.—J. G. Holland.

MRS. SPURGEON'S BOOK-FUND.

BY JENNIE FOWLER WILLING.

"In sick rooms souls grow white as well as faces." Mrs. Spurgeon has long been an invalid and a great sufferer. A story has gone the rounds about her taking a fancy to have a certain rare bird and an unusual set of jewelry. After much urging from her husband to say if there was anything that he could bring her to make her invalidism more tolerable, and his promise that he would neither buy nor ask of friends the things she wanted, she confessed what she called "a sick woman's whim." He brought both bird and jewelry when he came to dinner. "Ah," she said shaking her head in spite of her pleasure in the gifts, "your promise, dear, your promise!" "I didn't promise not to ask our Father for them," he said. And then he told her how one friend had met him with the bird, and another with the jewelry, both for Mrs. Spurgeon to beguile the sick room tedium. "What makes the Lord so good to me?" she exclaimed. "Oh, I don't know, unless it is because you are his spoiled child, and he just gives you whatever you want!"

By the rule, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," she must be specially dear to the loving Father. With all her disabilities, he has used her for a work that must tell grandly upon Christ's cause.

Thirteen years ago her husband was reading her the proof of one of his books. She was greatly pleased with it. "How I wish," she exclaimed, "that every minister in the land had a copy!" That was the seed from which grew this great benevolence. "How much will you give toward it?" asked the practical Spurgeon. The work began in her sacrifice of an aesthetic fancy. She gave a collection of coins that paid for putting the book into the hands of one hundred Baptist ministers who could not afford its purchase.

From that beginning the work has become a blessing to tens of thousands. She has superintended and paid for the sending out of over 112,000 volumes, helping 18,000 ministers by replenishing their scant libraries, to find mental food for their flocks. She has added many books to those of Mr. Spurgeon, and ministers of every denomination are among her beneficiaries. Thousands of dollars have been sent her by friends to meet the expense of the work.

Another fund has come into her hands for the temporal needs of ministers with whom she has come into correspondence through sending them books; so that a donation of books, followed by a few pounds, has enabled one of the Lord's servants to care for an invalid wife or a dying child as he could not otherwise have done.

In her book, "Ten Years of My Life," she gives many touching incidents of this order.

To a minister who needs every penny for his family, a new book is a rare luxury. It must have lightened the load on many a pair of gaunt shoulders to have Spurgeon come sweeping in with his vital, magnetic, loving thought, adding to the efficiency and years of a good man's service. If he was a public benefactor who made two blades of grass spring up where one grew before, how much more certainly is she who has put new life and courage into the hearts of Christ's hard-worked, poorly-supported ministers! Each book carried a double blessing. Into the note of acknowledgment slipped a hint of the trials that had made the gift most acceptable. Then came words of sympathy and cheer, often accompanied by material aid; and, better still, much loving sympathy and prayer in that invalid's room.

As a train-dispatcher follows through the night hours every train running over his line, so from that home in Westwood flashed over the wires connecting it with thousands of plain little parsonages, messages of hope and love that set good people wondering why God was so good to them. She was doing a work for the Master that the Archbishop of Canterbury, with his \$75,000 salary—as much in a day as some of his poor curates receive in a year—might have coveted.

The invalid has had much joy in this sweet service. Her husband has written better books for the audience to which she has helped him. God grant to lay upon some warm Christian heart a similar work for the noble men and women who are working so bravely on our own frontier and in our poorer churches nearer home!—Union Signal.

AN IRON BOLT FROM THE SKIES.—A remarkably fine specimen of meteoric iron has just been received at the North Carolina State Museum from Rockingham County. Its greatest length is twelve inches, with an average breadth of eight inches, and it is about two inches thick. Its general shape is flat, though somewhat concave on one side and convex on the other, as if broken off on the outer surface of a rounded and larger mass. The specimen is coated with a thick crust of dark brown rust and weighs twenty-five and three quarters pounds.—Courier Journal.

No man has any business to enter the ministry who is not willing to crucify himself. Depend upon it that the devil is at the bottom of every suggestion which prompts you to shirk disagreeable duties or to dodge close encounters with souls. In the long run the only work that does "pay" is the work that keeps self under and presents Christ more directly before dying souls.—T. L. Cuyler, D.D.

Household.

NEW ENGLAND DOUGHNUTS.—Sift a pound and a half of flour, divide it into two parts. Make a hole in the center of one part, pour in a wine glass of yeast, mix the flour gradually into it, adding warm milk to make it soft dough. Cover and set by the fire for two hours. Into the other part of the flour cut up five ounces of butter and rub fine, add half a pound of powdered sugar, a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, a grated nutmeg, a tablespoonful of rose water, and half a pint of milk. Beat three eggs very light and throw them into the mixture. When the sponge is light mix all together and set by the fire one hour. When light turn out on the pastry board and cut in thick cakes, diamond shaped. Have a skillet of boiling lard, put in the doughnuts, and fry them brown. When cool grate lump sugar over them.

BATTER PUDDINGS.—When company arrives unexpectedly to dinner, little batter puddings will be a convenient dessert. It can be made at the last minute and baked while the dinner is being eaten. Three eggs, one pint of milk, twelve tablespoonfuls of sifted flour, a little salt. Bake in small earthen cups. Pudding Sauce: One cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, beaten to a cream, add the yolk of one egg well beaten, then one-half pint of boiling water, and set it on the fire about ten minutes, flavor with lemon peel, beat the white of an egg to a froth, and pour over the top after having poured the sauce into the sauce dish. This receipt makes twelve little puddings. Bake in a hot oven, but not so hot as to burn them on top before baking the bottom. They will fall if taken out too soon.

PEACH TOAST.—Cut some round slices off milk rolls, remove the crust, and fry them a pale yellow in butter. Take a tin of preserved peaches, turn out the juice into a saucepan, add a little sugar; boil it up, put in the peaches, simmer a few minutes, drain them, and place half a peach, concave side uppermost, on each piece of bread, place a piece of currant jelly in the cavity of each peach, pour the syrup round, and serve.

CHICKEN TOAST.—Chop cold chicken very fine, put in a saucepan, season with pepper, salt and mustard, add a small piece of butter, one tablespoonful of cream, and just enough water to cover the chicken; simmer together fifteen minutes, and serve on buttered toast. These dishes are all simple and inexpensive, and make an excellent variety for breakfast, luncheon and tea.—Fashion Journal.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Two and one half cups of graham meal, two cups of sour milk, one heaping teaspoonful of butter, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda, and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Dissolve the soda in a teaspoonful of boiling water and stir into the milk; melt the butter, and stir all the ingredients together quickly and thoroughly. Bake about forty minutes in a steady oven.

TOAST.—There are a variety of excellent dishes that can be made from stale bread which is thrown away as useless. Economical housekeepers strive to utilize every particle of food and often with admirable results. The following will be found good methods of using stale bread, which otherwise would be thrown away.

VEGETABLE TOAST.—Take the remains of any cooked vegetables the flavor of which blends well, season with a little pepper, salt and French mustard, add the yolk of an egg, and mix well; thick-en over the fire, then spread the mixture over slices of toast, brush over them a beaten egg, strew fine bread crumbs on the top, and serve hot.

LEMON TOAST.—Take the yolks of three eggs, beat them well, and stir them into a cupful of milk; cut some stale bread in slices and soak them for a minute in the eggs and milk, then fry to a light brown in butter, and dust on a little powdered sugar and then add a little lemon juice.

SAUSAGE TOAST.—Fry some sausages, strip the skins off and mix with the meat some scalded parsley, chopped very fine, add a little cheese, grated, mix in a very little mustard, and spread the mixture on brown bread that has been toasted and buttered.

HAM TOAST.—Grate some cooked ham, add an egg well beaten, a small piece of butter and a little cream, mix all together and stir over a fire until hot; fry slices of bread in a little butter, and pour the mixture over them.

HASH TOAST.—Chop very fine cold roast beef and boil in a little water, add a little milk and thicken with flour; season to taste and pour over slices of toast.

DR. HODGE'S EXPERIENCE.

As far back as I can remember, I had the habit of thanking God for everything I received, and of asking him for everything I wanted. If I lost a book or any of my playthings, I prayed that I might find it. I prayed walking along the streets, in school and out of school, whether playing or studying. I did not do this in obedience to any prescribed rule—it seemed natural. I thought of God as an everywhere-present being, full of kindness and love, who would not be offended if children talked to him.



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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1890.

Judge Patterson, of the Supreme Court, has given us a new reason for our esteem of him, by a ruling of his which declares that, after the fact of divorce (we wish there were none of them) no man should be compelled to pay alimony, even for a day—inasmuch as a right assignment of all common property is presupposed in the act of divorce. The equity of this is so obvious that we were surprised when informed that the courts were in the habit of ordering things otherwise. And this reminded us of the remark made by an ex-judge, in the days of our youth, who said that there was a great deal of "justice" rendered in our world, out of which all the equities had been sifted.

Can nothing be done to check the multiplication of suicides? Of late the "suicidal mania" has seemed to seize all classes and conditions of men. Cannot life itself become more attractive? Cannot "the dread of something after death" be made to give a more decided pause to the habit of self-destruction? Is there nothing to lend our earthly existence such a charm that no one will for a moment entertain the thought of leaving it voluntarily? And if life must have its sharpness and pains, why not bear the ills we have rather than fly to others that we know not of? Why not find that divine alchemy which changes evil into good and shapes misfortune into blessing? So long as God is good, suicide is uncalled for. So long as life is the gift of God, suicide must be wrong.

We have recently perused the biography, a brief one, of President Edwards, by Professor Allen, an Episcopalian. On the whole, we have found pleasure and satisfaction in the book, though we do not accept it all. However, the object of this paragraph is to record our wonder that such multitudes always think of President Edwards, as he appears in two or three sermons, of a severe type. Why do they never look at him on that humble, pious and loving side of him which his neighbors commonly saw and his household felt. Why not look at him as in his "History of Redemption," or as in his work on the "Affections." Of course, he was lofty in intellect, and possibly severe in creed; but he was a kindly and lovable man, and one of the sweetest of saints in his saintliness; and he loved "nature" with almost the rapture and gush of a school-girl, with her "botany" and herb-arium.

Governor Leon Abbott, of New Jersey, has done much to redeem himself in the eyes of the world, by his recent vigorous advocacy of a rigid ballot-reform. His points are, in brief, that there shall be (1) perfect registration, (2) perfect secrecy, (3) officially printed ballot, (4) judicial appeal, (5) nomination by petition, (6) acceptance of nomination, (7) courts shall see to fit printing and distribution, (8) all intimidation and bribery made crimes, (9) limit set to election expenses, (10) expenses of elections to be officially published, (11) disfranchising every one convicted of crime against a pure ballot. Most of these points are well-taken; and all our laws should be made to conform to them. Any one who can read names, and make his mark, can use this sort of a ballot in perfect secrecy. For the sake of the most illiterate, the party relations of candidates might be indicated by different type and letter, without harm or prejudice. Certainly it is practicable to have honest elections, a pure ballot and a true count.

We do not know as the giving of a banquet is the very highest way of doing honor to a man, but it is a common way, and may convey a large measure of worthy sentiment. Last week our "Chamber of Commerce" did honor to Admiral Kimberly by giving him a banquet, at which the public speaking was very creditable. This officer of our

Navy was in Samoa at the time of the dreadful hurricane, which sunk nearly every national ship in the harbor of Apia. His conduct at that time, and also at that crisis in the civil affairs of Samoa, when our national rights had to be asserted and maintained, was so judicious, just, and admirable as to elicit encomiums from all sides. There could be no wish to displace him. He was continued in charge of affairs until the home governments had come to a fresh agreement, and the former government at the islands had been restored. Absent on leave, he was among us on his way toward the East. We are glad to give him our mead of praise for his courage, integrity, dutifulness, and his firm faith in the rectitude of his government and of himself. Honor to the man who keeps his temper even and his heart with diligence in the most trying circumstances!

Our Congregational women will be glad to know that their sisters in North Carolina have wheeled into line and organized a Woman's Home Missionary Union. The January *Home Missionary* tells us that when the State Association of North Carolina met in Oaks, filling the little country church, as there was no parlor or chapel at their disposal, the women adjourned to an oak grove, and with the help of Miss Emerson, Secretary of the American Missionary Association, organized their society. We can not help admiring Miss Emerson's large-heartedness and far-sightedness in planning a union auxiliary to all our six national societies, while herself especially devoted to one. She well knows that current will be richest and deepest which is broad enough to embrace them all in its interests. Now, we have the women of thirty-two States and Territories organized for Home Missionary work in its six branches. What a host! If the women of all the churches in California would anticipate the wishes of the State officers, and in some pleasant parlor, or charming oak grove, organize such a society in each individual church, what a power the Woman's Home Missionary Society of California could be!

The Hon. Thomas Reed, the knowing Speaker of "the House" in Washington, is a very solid man, with the courage of his convictions, who has braved the fury of the opposition by refusing to follow the custom of his Democratic predecessor in deciding that a "quorum" was not present when a quorum did not vote. Speaker Reed says that all who are present go to make up the quorum, whether all vote or not. Accordingly, if members wish to leave the "House" without a quorum, they must go out of the Chamber and remain there. We think the Speaker is right in his construction of "the law and the facts," and that he ought to be sustained in his rulings. We hold that no "filibustering" process is justifiable at all, except in the most extreme case. An appeal to the public, and an appeal to the good sense of mankind generally, must constrain us all to see the fitness of the Speaker's position. We are not only favorable to the stand he has taken, but we are greatly pleased with it; as it is the only way in which the tyranny of a compact minority can be broken; and it is the only way in which the present Congress will be able to effect any valuable legislation in any direction whatever. The "custom" from which the new Speaker has broken away is but the stump end of the old slave-whip which the "old South" formerly used so vigorously.

The champion of the single-tax theory is amongst us. His theory should be taken for all the good there may be in it. We are not about to discuss it. But we have this impression about it—that, like some other theories, like most socialistic schemes, it presumes that reforms can be effected by a changed environment. They can be, but in a very partial and superficial way, and to no permanent advantage. The two erroneous assumptions of most of these new theories—new only in a slight way—are, that human nature is right in feeling, and sound in morality; whereas human nature is debased in sentiment and crooked in morality. We can not put these faults down by organization, nor work them out by environment. Human nature has a large "tramp" element in it. It is lazy and roaming. It wants to live on other people, and then to find other people to live on. Until this element is expelled, or repressed, decent society cannot exist, and other reforms will amount to little. The socialistic dream of living without work, and living where you please, will always end where other dreams do. The gospel of hard work

and the gospel of the divine grace, must do efficient service before any change of environment will be of any lasting avail. When these have transformed human nature society gets on; and any sort of a social organization will prosper. If any one expects to gain much, in our world, without the inward struggle of religion, and the outward struggle of hard work, he is likely to die without the sight.

The Salvation Army has been subjected to bad treatment in some places, and we think without any just cause. The organization seems to be providential, and has done much good. The best way to do is to give these harmless people a fair chance. Out here they are not molested, except by rowdies and hoodlums. We do not know of an instance where the Salvation Army has done any harm or broken any law.

NEWS FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH.

The resolutions which follow explain themselves:

"LOS ANGELES, Jan. 23, 1890
"Desirous of expressing our sympathy with our pastor, Rev. R. G. Hutchins, D.D. in his recent bereavement, and also desirous of giving some tangible expression of our appreciation of our own loss, the First Congregational church of Los Angeles adopts the following to be spread upon their church records:

"We realize that the heaviest and most grievous burden in this trial falls upon our beloved pastor and his family, and we can only say to him, as, with the utmost kindness of love, he, in our lighter afflictions, has often said to us: 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.' Our sympathies are theirs, our prayers are for them, that God would bind up where he has broken.

"We recall with Christian gratitude the cheerful smile and words of encouragement with which Mrs. Hutchins was accustomed to greet all who were trying, however feebly, to serve her Master and theirs. We count it a high privilege to have had so large a share in her labors and prayers during the few months she was permitted to be with us; and pledge ourselves, so far as in us lies, to do what we can to carry on those labors and realize those prayers.

"Finally, we desire to express our endorsement of the sentiment so beautifully expressed by our representative at the funeral services: 'To the saint of God every exit from life swings on golden hinges into the streets of gold.'

"On behalf of the Church,
"H. W. MILLS,
"H. E. STORRS,
"P. N. PAULY."

Mrs. Browning in "Aurora Leigh" says: "Life struck sharp on death makes awful lightning." Sudden death certainly awes the careless and shocks an entire city. But it is also true that there is grace that can sustain God's dear children even in such an hour. It enabled the pastor two days after the funeral services of his wife to preach a discourse on "The Saintly Life" of Mrs. Hutchins upon the text: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

It has been very impressive to observe the abounding sympathy and love of Dr. Hutchins' church. The tie between pastor and people is now more sacred, stronger, and tender than ever, by reason of this fellowship of sorrow. The shepherd and the flock have both been bereaved.

An overruling tide of Christian goodwill has swept in this way. Friends near and from a distance have, by mail and telegraph and by word of mouth, voiced their heart-thoughts. The China boys touched by Christ's love, have showed their kinship to the rest of the Christian brotherhood, and on the day of the funeral asked the privilege of following the remains of their friend, Mrs. Hutchins, to their resting-place in Rosedale Cemetery. How lonesome, how like a desert, this world would be without this heaven-born, Christ-created communion of the saints.

Writers on the inspiration of the Bible have often referred to the sublime roll and cadence of Holy Writ. How often we have been impressed with it while reading Isaiah, the Gospels and the Revelation. Notably, those who would of late offer choicest consolation have felt the inadequacy of common thoughts, and have brought the very words of sacred truths to bind as soothing balm on crushed spirits. Beloved, it is only because we have the Book and the real presence of Jesus, the beloved, that we can say and sing: "Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal."

God pity those who, in a world like this of sin and change and storm, reject the Divine Redeemer's love, have no soulful rest in his sweet will, no hope of everlasting life, and, in sorrow's hour, have no support from the Almighty Arm, and see all they trust in vanish into smoke and nothingness! May it not be so with any who read these words!

LOS ANGELES, Jan. 25th. W. A. J.

TO THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN—

Dear Brethren: Your pastor and clerk are late in sending in the annual report of your church. It will be unfortunate to have your church statistics unreported. Will you not inquire of your pastor next Sunday after church if the report called for on January 1, 1890, has been sent to the Statistical Secretary?
H. E. JEWETT.

VACAVILLE, Feb. 1, 1890.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Prayer-meeting Topic for Week Beginning February 16, 1890.

BY REV. DR. W. D. WILLIAMS.

Subject.—Prove yourselves. (II Cor. xiii: 5-11).

Other references.—I Cor. xi: 28; Rom. viii: 10; I Cor. ix: 27; iv: xi: 10; I Thess. v: 21, 22; Ps. i: 1; lxxxvii: 1-3; Prov. iii: 1, 2; xxix: 1; Matt. vii: xx; vii: 12; James: i: 2.

To prove ourselves admit of no "ifs." All is "yea" and "amen" in Christ Jesus. The introduction of an "if" is a far-fetched explanation, or it may be a sign of weakness in matters of spiritual life. The chapter containing our subject clearly defines how we may prove ourselves, and in this we are to—

1. *Examine ourselves.* "Whether ye be in the faith" may not mean any particular confession, but it certainly must mean evangelical religion. There always has been great diversity of creed and confession. Elquence and argument, and even sword, have all labored to effect unity of faith. Oneness of faith, as suited to their own particular views, has been the dream of bigot and enthusiast alike. But religious opinion continues to take about as many forms as ever. If old differences are dying out, new ones are continually coming to life. Like the people of Ephesus, some are crying one thing and some another. But the sky is rarely so covered with clouds that there are not between them many great spaces of cheerful blue. The shifting clouds of doctrinal debate are neither so many nor so permanent but that the child of God may examine his faith, and behold through many a rift the indisputable evidence of the Father who loves, the Holy Spirit that guides, and the Son of God who saves.

The foundation of Congregational faith is laid deep in the Bible. The first tier of the superstructure was given to the world by Augustine, when he said, "In essentials, unity; in things doubtful, liberty; in all things, charity." Added tiers were laid by unknown men for the most part, but the brilliant whole is dependent for its strength and beauty upon the foundation. We are to examine our faith and ascertain whether it be heaven-born—simple, true, luminous, steadfast, unyielding.

"Faith," as used in this chapter, is not easily defined. We may search for it through the dictionary, we may chase after it through derivative forms, and follow it back to the "original tongues," but we cannot capture it; words are as incapable of holding it as the meshes of a lawn-tennis net-work to retain the afterglow of the setting sun. It is that quality which changed persecutors into martyrs, and converts the selfish into a self-denying citizen and Christian—an inward and divine inspiration perfecting an external image which bears the likeness of Christ.

2. *We are to examine ourselves as to whether we are "honest."* Honesty holds a conspicuous place in the religion of Christ. A number of duties mark the course of the child of God. They are like the beacons of feudal times, but honesty is a triple revolving light, which shines inwardly upon conscience, outwardly upon men and permanently upon the past—or, like the song of the lark, which floats down the air when the sweet singer itself is no longer visible.

Some may think it difficult to be honest in the midst of dishonesty. How can we live amidst widespread contagion and not be infected? Does not the earth stain the purest stones? Are not the moon and the sun dimmed with spots? Do not—

"Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks run to rivers, rivers run to seas?"

The Bible and the world, thank God, bear constant witness to the honesty of Christian hearts as the night bears witness to the stars.

3. *We prove ourselves by co-operating with the truth.* We can "do nothing against the truth." Our opposition to the truth is overruled by God to the welfare of truth itself. And although contradiction is the characteristic of this poor, great inventive century, nevertheless, it will pass into history as a period of remarkable and increasing adherence to Divine truth.

Truth and untruth appear but relative terms, like heat and cold. There are all degrees of truth. There are probably degrees of truth too low in the scale to admit of recognition, just as there may be heat where we only report cold. And some forms of truth may be ballasted with a useful alloy. God has permitted much which we are prone to condemn. But the duty of the Christian is easily understood; we are to avoid error, we are to shrink from combating any form of truth, and earnestly co-operate with the truth to the saving of the world.

Some are granted deeper treasures and wider views of truth than others. Some have enough of truth to enable them to be lifted up and to cause others to be lifted up. Their nature is great, lofty, inspired; and as great, lofty mountains are full of springs, so their souls are full of fountains of truth. Their names may not always be preserved to us, but do we not drink many a refreshing draught without knowing what mountain summit caught it from the heavens?

4. *By being of "one mind."* "United we stand; divided we fall." Similar proverbs or mottoes might be added, all illustrating the same universal reason for oneness of heart, and purpose and life. Should we distrust our heart less and our head more, the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace would be more marked in the character of human lives.

5. *By living "in peace."* It is not wise to fret. The high-mettled horse, restive in the collar, but galls his shoulder. The imprisoned bird, that dashes itself against its cage, but aggravates its sufferings. Let patience do its perfect work in peace. It is a well-known fact that a man who stands erect can carry a heavier burden on his head than he ever can on his back; and, raising himself erect by self-examination, by faith, by honesty, by co-operation, by unity, and by living in peace the young Christian may confront misfortune, overcome weakness, vanquish opposition, and rise conqueror, by the grace of God, above all things.

This glorious, earthly existence was never meant to be barren of interest and joy. If this should be the case there is something strangely amiss in heart and life. By that living faith in a Saviour, which consists in following His law of love, the law of peaceful continuance in well-doing, our heart and life will be fountain-like and fresh.

TULARE CITY.

FROM SEATTLE.

Our winter still remains to us, with the snowy mantle covering the earth with a depth of from two to six inches. Yet the mercury has hardly been below the freezing point at any of the time.

East of the Cascades, however, the snow is reported to be from two to three feet, with a degree of cold sufficient for Dakota or St. Paul—some say thirty degrees below zero.

The first church, Tacoma, dedicated its remodeled house on the 12th ult., Rev. George A. Tewksbury of Seattle preaching the morning sermon and Rev. C. F. Clapp of Portland, the sermon in the evening. The Coupeville church dedicates on the 19th, Superintendent Beard preaching the sermon.

Our Puget Sound Academy closed its Fall term in December with a slight balance in its treasury, being in that respect the most successful term in its history. The winter term opens with a large attendance, indicative of the good that is being done by Principal Newberry and his corps of assistants, as viewed by the patrons of the school.

The outlying church work in Whatcom county has been growing so much that we will have, when the church at Whatcom receives its new pastor, four workers, where, hitherto, but two have occupied the field. Rev. James Wright seems to be overruled with work at Fairhaven and Rev. James W. Wells finds very much to do at West Ferndale, Enterprise and contiguous points. The little recently organized church at Edison, without a pastor, is struggling to erect a chapel. Missionary Rowley is at Edmunds, holding a series of meetings and much interest is already manifested.

The Olympia church have cut loose from the A. H. M. S. and are resolved to sustain themselves without outside aid.

Farmington in Eastern Washington dedicated its Cobleigh Memorial church on the 9th, with sermon by Superintendent Beard, who, after several delays by snow, reached the town by having a locomotive and car placed at his service by the Union Pacific Railroad, so that a patient audience, after waiting, were ready for the sermon, even at nine o'clock.

Two thousand dollars, the amount needed to free the church from debt, was raised by pledges. S. G.

FROM CHENEY, WASHINGTON.

The deep snow, which nearly blockades the streets and roads, interferes with our church work at Cheney, for however much the people desire to attend the meetings, it is almost impossible for them to do so. The Christmas exercises pleased everyone. There was a large tree loaded with pretty and useful things, besides a nice, big orange, a box of candy and a card for each child. The interior of the church was tastefully decorated, and a large star and two crosses shone bright and clear from the belfry.

The week of prayer was observed, but on account of the bad weather not many attended the meetings. The ladies have succeeded in collecting the money for a new carpet and other much needed furnishings. They want very much to get a new pulpit next. The Bible School is growing, and considerable interest is manifested in the new lessons. I don't mean David Cook's lessons, for we have not taken them, but the beautiful lessons in Luke, as given in the excellent helps of our own publishing house.

There is some sickness here, considerable of it in the pastor's family. Mrs. Chase, whose health was thought to be improving under the treatment of Dr. P. Harold Hayes of Buffalo, New York, is not so well since the hard winter set in, and many of her friends think she will have to live in a milder climate.

Rev. R. A. Beard, our Home Missionary Superintendent, spent a few days on this side of the mountains. We were all very sorry that he could not favor us with a visit at Cheney. EDITH BELKNAP.

UPPER BAY ASSOCIATION.

The regular meeting will be held with Brother Flanders at Martinez, Tuesday, February 11th, at 10:30 A. M. Programme: Sermon, Brother Orvitt; Book review, Brother Hale; Exegesis, Brother Flanders; Sermon plans (Ex. xx: 8-11), by all the members. As the last meeting went by default it is hoped that there will be a full attendance this time; more especially as there is business of importance to be transacted.

EDSON D. HALE, Scribe.

Home Missionary.

Conducted by J. H. Warren D. D.

WOMAN'S STATE HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

President, Mrs. M. L. Merritt, 686 Thirty-fourth St., Oakland.
Treasurer, Mrs. J. M. Haven, 1309 Harrison street, Oakland.
Secretary, Miss Grace E. Barnard, 677 Twenty-first street, Oakland.
New societies being formed, please report themselves at once to the Secretary of the W. S. H. M.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION.

ORGANIZED MAY, 1888.
President, Mrs. E. Cash, 927 Temple St., Los Angeles.
Vice-President, Mrs. John P. Stearns, Santa Barbara.
Secretary, Mrs. H. K. W. Bent, Box 442, Pasadena.
Treasurer, Mrs. H. W. Mills, 217 South Olive street, Los Angeles.

NOTES FROM THE FRONT.

[We are often called upon for fresh facts concerning Home Missionary work at the front. We give below a few notes from one of our earnest and consecrated workers, who wrote us recently, not for the printer, but simply to keep us informed of the needs, condition and prospects of his field:]

Ours is a small village of about one hundred inhabitants, located in the foot hills of the Sierra Nevada range.

The chief employment of the people is teaming during the dry season. Mining was formerly an important industry, but most of the mines have now been abandoned. Attention is being turned to fruit culture, which is destined to become the most important industry of this region.

There is a tract of country seventy miles wide by 120 long, in which ours is the only church organization. In my visits I find many families without a Bible, many who have never attended a religious service or heard a prayer. Very seldom have I found a professor of religion, though many speak of having had a pious father or mother.

In some of the villages the Good Templars have flourishing lodges, which are fighting valiantly for the cause of temperance. Last fall there was a grand work done in this community by an evangelist. About thirty conversions were reported, and twenty united with the church. During the progress of these meetings, the Good Templars hall, in which the meetings were held, was burned, and such was the change in the community that the saloon-keeper gave up his business and sold his saloon to the Good Templars for a hall in which to meet.

About half a dozen persons were accustomed to meet at Sunday-school on Sundays. We hunted up new scholars, reorganized the school, and in two months had a flourishing school of seventy-two members, an organ and new singing books.

The longer I remain the more I see of the destitution and want of this field, and I become deeper interested in missionary work. Much of my time has been given to visiting families in the canyons and on the ridges, following narrow trails on foot. The children in some of these secluded homes walk four or five miles to attend the nearest school; some live at too great a distance to attend, and their only schooling is what they receive from their parents.

I found in one of these isolated homes a little boy about eight years of age who had never attended school, yet the boy was a model of refinement and intelligence and his mother a highly educated woman. I visited another family that was cut off from school and religious influences. The mother had been a professor of religion. There was no Bible in the house, the children were unable to read intelligently though they had received some religious instruction from their mother. In this family we had a blessed season of prayer, and then the children, one a young man of nineteen and a daughter seventeen, gave their hearts to Christ and promised with divine help to lead Christian lives.

At the beginning of this quarter, I organized a Sunday-school in a schoolhouse three miles distant, which has a promising future. The Superintendent is a devoted Christian woman, who is exerting a blessed influence in the community. I preach at this schoolhouse two Sunday afternoons in each month. I accepted an invitation to preach ten miles from here. To fill this appointment I walk the distance Saturday afternoon and preach Sunday morning, returning in the afternoon in time to preach in the evening. The services at home during my absence are conducted by my wife.

The brethren are very prompt to assist in the services. The religious interest is well sustained, the prayer-meeting and Christian Endeavor well attended. We are proud of our Sunday-school; the children seem eager for Sunday to come.

On last Sunday morning the messenger of death again visited the home of Secretary Blaine, taking away his daughter, Mrs. Alice Coppinger, after a short illness. And about 7 o'clock Monday Secretary Tracy's home was discovered on fire. Mrs. Tracy attempted to escape by dropping from the window, and was killed. Miss Mary Tracy, his accomplished daughter, and her maid were burned to death, and the Secretary was carried out unconscious. After he recovered, President Harrison discharged the sad duty of informing him of the terrible loss which he had sustained. Out of respect and sympathy the Senate adjourned, and the President gave up a visit to New York. The dead bodies lie in the East Room at the White House awaiting burial. So the fatalities of life come upon the high and the low, and death is no respecter of persons. The burial services took place this morning.

Religious Intelligence.

PACIFIC COAST.

Henry George did not reach the city in time to address the Monday Club. He is expected to be in the Y. M. C. A. Parlor on Thursday, to-morrow, at 1:30 P. M., when he will speak to all ministers of the city who wish to hear him.

The Club was well attended. Rev. Thomas R. Bacon delivered the address on "Vesper Services." He said:

We hear a great deal about the problem of the second Sunday service. Its successful solution at Berkeley seems to have found. It has been customary to hold a second service—never a large one—at Berkeley until the latter part of Mr. Savage's pastorate, when, owing to his illness, it was given up, and so during the interim, until I came and tried it again, with but small attendance, as in all the churches in Berkeley. Another problem which confronts us is church music. We often feel that church choirs are a nuisance. It seems as though there should be a place in God's house for fine music. It is often found difficult to adapt the music to the theme. But in our Vesper Services the music furnishes the theme. In connection with my music leader I select a piece of music which gives the theme of the evening. All the singing and remarks and scripture reading of the evening are upon that theme. Our service is at 5:30 o'clock, before the meeting of the Young People's Society, and we aim to have the entire service in less than an hour. For such a service you need a religious chorister and a well-behaved choir. The choir has a very important part in the service. It is also requisite that the minister have some knowledge of music. Mr. Bacon here gave the programme of his last Sabbath's Vesper Service. The selected piece was "Lead, Kindly Light." Introductory sentences; minister, "Lift up your hearts"; choir, "We lift them up unto the Lord"; minister, "Let us give thanks unto our Lord God"; choir, "It is meet and right so to do"; minister, "Therefore we give thanks unto Thee, O Lord Almighty, Everlasting God: with angels and with archangels and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious name, evermore praising Thee, and saying"; choir, "Sanctus"; congregation, the Lord's Prayer; congregation, hymn; minister and congregation, responsive reading; choir, "Gloria Patri"; the first lesson, Num. ix: 15-23; choir, anthem, "O Gentle Jesus, be our Light"; the second lesson, John i: 1-4; choir, "Lead, Kindly Light"; prayer; organ or choir, response; hymn; address, "The fiery, cloudy pillar"; congregation, hymn; benediction.

In the discussion which followed: Rev. Bishop said this plan would not do; we ought not to substitute anything for a gospel meeting. The gospel should be preached in the evening. Rev. Wilcox had thought much of such a service since Dr. Duryea outlined it. We must vary services according to congregations, and in all ways preach the gospel. We fail to get hold of the people. If this service brings them out, practice it. Rev. Silcox: The success of such a service depends upon the pastor and choir. It cultivates the spirit of worship. Too often the reports given are, "I heard Dr. So-and-So preach," not, "I worshiped God." This service teaches people to appreciate the higher music of the church. I have always had larger evening than morning congregations, and it has always been a preaching service. I think we should have a gospel service in the morning quite as much as at night. Rev. Allen: I like this service; but each pastor must judge for himself according to circumstances. There can't be a better order of service than an abbreviated one from the prayer-book. Rev. Cooke: Such a service depends upon the man. I couldn't have it, for I am no musician. I have a full church at night, and would sooner give up the morning than the evening meeting. I like the Moody and Sankey music. Rev. Frear: This service is adapted to a place like Berkeley; it would not do everywhere. It does not save labor to the pastor. Rev. Flanders: This way would not work in Martinez. There is not the music in every place for such service. We cannot always have an evangelistic service in the evening. Wish we could. We should have variety—a missionary concert, Young People's Society meeting, Bible reading, etc. We can preach the gospel in ten minutes. Rev. W. W. Scudder: I am interested in better church music. I also like the Moody and Sankey music. Professor Benton: Where the people can get out in the evening I would have an evening service. Where the churches are conveniently situated I would have joint vesper and church services. Deacon Booth said: I like the Moody and Sankey music better than such church music which I hear. I can't make out half a dozen words of what the choir or soloist sing. I would just as soon my pastor would preach to me in Greek. Professor Dwinell: I am pleased with Brother Bacon's statements and programme. It was a sweet and luminous closing of the day—instructive and gospel applying. Any attempt to rescue the second service by retreating from the gospel, weakens the power of the pulpit. And there is a good deal such weakening.

Rev. Rowell: Such a service is good for such a place, but I don't want to be in such a place. We must keep in mind what we are here for—to save souls. We cannot afford to meet together to gratify our esthetic tastes. We must go out and gather in our congregations, as we do at the Bethel, and try to make Christians.

Rev. Meserve: Brother Bacon's plan is a good one, but it needs musical ability. I could not conduct such service. If we can't get large audiences, do all we can for those who come. Our Lord preached to one hearer.

Rev. Cruzan: I am glad such service has been transplanted to this coast. Dr. Newman Smyth has it in New Haven. In the Third church I should have to turn it over to my wife, though I can sing "Rock of Ages." I think such service is good on occasions, now and then.

Rev. Charles H. Williams: I was present two months ago at such a service with the same theme, in Dr. Newman Smyth's church. Such vesper service appeals to the cultivated and gratifies our esthetic tastes. I don't believe we should dwarf the pulpit; many services tend thus to do. I know a church where they have high-priced singers. The preacher plays second fiddle, and the choir has the field.

Dr. Pond: I remember services conducted in this city some years ago by a noted music leader, assisted by Dr. —. I believe in singing on a level with the people. I enjoy the Moody and Sankey hymns. We have praise services, and the pastor don't play second fiddle. In all our services, by all ways, we must bring the truth home.

Brother Van Blarcom: I don't believe in a liturgical service, or machine-prayers. In every service we should have a sermon. I believe in congregational singing; also in set pieces.

Rev. Wood: Such a service would not work at that hour in Olivet church; might have such vesper service once a month. It would make more work for the minister. Once in a while I like a ten-minute sermon.

Rev. J. A. Cruzan will present the subject next Monday—"Christian Work in Great Cities."

The Swedish Congregational church in this city, Rev. C. Anderson its worthy pastor, is prospering. During the last year twenty have been received to membership—all but two on confession of faith. Recently the old pews have been removed, and opera-chairs substituted, giving thus about fifty more sittings. The morning audience nearly fills the house, and in the evening it is crowded. Brother Anderson holds a Bible-meeting for men only every Monday night. On Tuesday evenings the ladies meet for Bible study. The regular prayer- and conference-meeting is on Thursday evening, when from 75 to 100 are present. This is a strong, self-sustaining church, and a larger house will be needed before long.

At Bethany church the Lord's Supper was received in the morning. Three were received to the church, two on profession of faith. The sacramental address was on "Appointed Feasts that are Hateful to Him who Appointed Them." In the evening the sermon was on "The Character and the Danger of Those not Far from the Kingdom of God."

Rev. C. F. Wood reports larger congregations at Olivet church than for several past Sabbaths. The beautiful warm day brought the people out.

Rev. J. A. Cruzan's subject to the children in the morning was "What is it to be a Christian?" It was communion service, when he does not preach to the congregation. Two were received to membership, one of them on confession. "The Gateways of Hell" was the subject of his evening lecture, to a large audience.

Rev. A. L. Rankin had a full day; he married a couple at Ocean View, attended the Sabbath-school there, then went to his own school on Desidero street, and preached in the evening on "Reasons Why I am Not Ashamed of Christ."

Rev. W. N. Meserve's subjects in the Free Baptist church, which he is regularly supplying, were "Prisoners of Hope," and "Unknown by Face."

Three joined the Seaman's Bethel at the communion. There were twice that number of conversions there during the day.

Rev. J. B. Silcox preached in the evening to a large audience in Pilgrim church on "The Bible Its Own Defense."

Six were received to the First church, Oakland, by letter.

Student Wirt preached in the First church, Oakland, in the evening.

Rev. E. C. Oakley's subjects at Plymouth-avenue were "Elisha at Dothan," and "Why I am a Christian." Rev. M. R. Gaines addressed the Young People's Meeting on the "Work in Japan."

Rev. C. H. Cooke's theme at Golden Gate church were "Debts" and "Waiting for Christ."

Rev. Charles H. Williams preached at Berkeley in the morning. Rev. Thos. R. Bacon, whose term of service has expired as pastor of the church, went to church and hired a seat, and we are sure will fill it as a good layman should while he is Professor in the University. In the evening Mr. Bacon led the vesper services.

At Alameda the communion service

was held in the evening, when one was received to membership by letter.

Rev. C. N. Flanders preached in Martinez on "How Citizenship in Heaven Affects Citizenship Here." In the evening he gave a Bible-reading on Christ.

Rev. Isaac Pierson of China preached at Vacaville last Sunday morning, giving an interesting account of missionary work in his field of labor. Owing to the weather and the bad condition of the roads, his appointment to preach had been twice deferred. Vacaville has at present quite a group of Congregational ministers. Besides Rev. H. E. Jewett, the pastor, are Rev. H. W. Jones, the former pastor, Rev. S. Edwards, lately teacher in the Vacaville Academy, and Rev. Isaac Pierson. A frequent attendant upon the Congregational services is Dr. Saxton, a retired Baptist minister.

The Congregational church of Highlands held special meetings, beginning December 30th, and continuing three weeks. The pastor, A. W. Thompson, was assisted by Rev. O. D. Crawford, Home Missionary Evangelist. At the close of the meetings seventeen were received on profession of their faith and four by letter. Evangelist Crawford is an able expounder of the Word. He shows special adaptation in his house-to-house visits; his personal interviews with the worldly, and those who are seekers after truth. The church and community of Highlands have been blessed by his labors. This church has a Y. P. S. C. E., not yet a year old, with a membership of seventy odd, active and associate; their meetings always well attended and full of interest. The Society is a great help to the church and pastor, and is very satisfactorily demonstrating the object and intent of the organization.

Rev. L. B. Voorhees, from the Crombie-street church in Salem, Mass., accepts an invitation to minister for one year to the church in Santa Ana.

Pastor Hunt of Riverside began on Sunday the 19th a series of special meetings with the aid of Evangelist Crawford.

Mr. S. M. Layford of Massachusetts, now on his coast in the moral and spiritual interest of college students, spent two very efficient days in Pomona College last week. Mr. Layford is acceptable to the students, and puts practical truths with great force. All but five or six of the students expressed a desire to enter at once upon a spiritual life.

Miss Mary A. Roe, sister of the late author, Rev. E. P. Roe, is delivering a course of lectures on history at Pomona College of interest and value.

Rev. L. H. Frary has united with Pilgrim church, Pomona, in sending out letters for a council of installation. Of the eleven who united with Pilgrim church at the last communion, three were promising young men from Pomona College.

The lecture last Monday night at Crockett, "The Bright Side of Life at Forty Degrees Below," given by Rev. E. S. Williams, was a perfect success. The church was crowded and the lecture was highly appreciated. The Crockett "Mandolin Club," composed of six musicians, rendered us several most delightful selections, adding much to the evening's enjoyment. The proceeds of the entertainment go toward the fund for enlarging and remodeling the church.

We are glad to report that on a recent afternoon when Rev. E. Hoskins of Adin was absent from the parsonage several members of the Ladies' Aid Society and others took possession and laid a new carpet on the sitting-room floor, besides making the premises more comfortable in other ways. They also paid their compliments in the way of some substantial eatables; about the same time another "burglar" broke into his house and left a quarter of five beef.

Rev. Dr. Hutchins preached the sermon and Rev. A. J. Wells offered the prayer at the installation of Rev. L. H. Frary over the Pilgrim church, Pomona, Tuesday evening.

Pomona College observed the Day of Prayer for Colleges very pleasantly and profitably. Rev. Mr. Tracy of Ontario made an address to the students in the morning, after which the young men and young women had separate meetings by themselves. In the afternoon Rev. Mr. Colcord of Monrovia spoke to the students and many friends who came in. In the evening services at Pilgrim church were largely attended, and many of the students were present. Several conversions are reported among the students.

Rev. I. F. Tobey has gone to Kohala to take up the work left by Rev. Alvin Ostrom who goes to China for a six months' trip.

Rev. Chas. H. Cook has resigned at Auburn and accepted a call to the church at Park City, Utah. Bro. Cook has done good work at Auburn and has carried himself among his brethren as a Christian gentleman. We regret that he leaves California, but Utah is not far away. We hope to hear often of his labors in that new and important field. Our best wishes go with him and his pleasant family.

Professor Mansfield, speaking of electric cars, says that in case of a thunderstorm you are safer in an electric car than in a horse car, as the machinery is so constructed that the electricity can be run to the earth in the twinkling of an eye.

Princeton has 769 students. It is a noble institution.

THE FIRST CHURCH AT TACOMA RE-OPENED AND DEDICATED.

The First church, Tacoma, was reopened and dedicated Sunday, January 12, 1890. The services were conducted by the pastor, Rev. Minot S. Hartwell. In the morning Rev. William Coburn, pastor of the East Tacoma church, led the large audience in responsive scriptural reading. The choir sang the anthem, "God Be Merciful Unto Us." The male quartet sang Holden's "Trust in God."

Mr. Hartwell, in reading the notices of the day, said that he had little to say, except that he, with the members of the church, was glad that they were housed, after having worshiped for five or six months in tents or in the lecture-room. After the singing of the old hymn, "I love thy kingdom, Lord," Mr. Hartwell introduced Rev. George A. Tewksbury of Seattle, who preached the dedicatory sermon from Exodus iii: 5—"And he said, Draw not nigh hither; put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

After the sermon Rev. Thomas Sims, pastor of the Atkinson Memorial church, offered the dedicatory prayer. The singing of the hymn, "Jesus, most loving Lord," followed, and Mr. Tewksbury pronounced the benediction.

In the evening Rev. C. F. Clapp preached from Gen. viii: "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Revs. Tewksbury and Coburn offered prayer. The music morning and evening was excellent.

During the past year, the original church building, which was fifty feet long and thirty-two feet wide, has had added to the rear end thirty-two feet by fifty feet wide, also an L eighteen feet deep and thirty-two feet wide, making the present auditorium one hundred feet in length. It will seat nearly six hundred people comfortably. In the L and at the right of the platform is the pastor's study, the inside of which presents a very cozy and attractive appearance. An open fireplace, in which is a gas log, surrounded with a cheery mantel, with French plate glass, suggests comfort as the visitor enters the door. At the left of the door is the pastor's well arranged library, behind a glass casing, which has been built to fill the natural niche between the mantel and the corner of the room, ten feet in length and seven feet high. On the right is the pastor's study table, above which and a little to the left of it is a large window consisting of one light, surrounded with a row of colored glass. On the left of the platform is another room the size of the pastor's study, which will be used principally as a choir room. The front entrance has been changed from the center to the corner of the church. A vestibule fourteen feet square, which is the lower part of a new tower added to the church, makes a very pleasant entrance from St. Helens avenue, without going up or down any steps. In each end of the auditorium there is a large window of colored glass. The choir and organ are directly behind the pulpit platform. The pulpit furniture was made in Chicago, and is of antique oak. The pews were made in Tacoma, of redwood, finished in its natural color. The auditorium is lighted with two of Bailey's gas reflectors of silver-plated corrugated glass, forty-two inches in diameter, with twenty-four burners each. It is the best lighted church in the city.

The carpets and cushions were furnished by Holmes & Bull of Tacoma. Nearly all the space under the auditorium is utilized. In the center is a large room, fifty by thirty-two feet, with fourteen feet ceiling. This is naturally the lecture-room, but it is to be used also for a parlor and reading-room for young men. It is well lighted and heated by a furnace and open grate. A large and beautiful cherry mantel surrounds the grate, containing a fine French-plate mirror. This room is entered from C street, also from St. Helens avenue. Opening out of this parlor and reading-room towards the east are two very pleasant and useful rooms; one eighteen feet square is to be used for a social game room, the other fourteen by eighteen feet as a gentlemen's toilet room. These three rooms are to be open every night in the week for young men. On the west side of the reading-room there is a ladies' parlor, twenty-four by twelve feet, a ladies' toilet room, a kitchen, eighteen by twelve feet, and a large furnace room. There is also a good-sized room out of the parlor, suitable for a Sunday-school library. These improvements, including the furnishings, cost about \$10,000. They give to the city of Tacoma the most convenient and best equipped church for work and comfort. The growth of the church during the past fifteen months, since the present pastor took charge of the parish, has been very gratifying. Then the membership was between eighty and ninety; since that time the pastor has received one hundred members. During the past few months a few members have withdrawn from this church to unite with the Atkinson Memorial Congregational church, in the First ward. The church voted to become self-supporting just previous to Mr. Hartwell's arrival, which was quite an undertaking for the small society, but the record shows that the demands upon the treasurer have been met promptly. Besides raising about \$5,000 for repairs, and \$2,700 for home expenses, the society has raised nearly \$700 for benevolent purposes, making a total of between \$8,000 and \$9,000 for the year. With these added improvements and enlarged opportunities, the church ought to be able to do a good work for the Master in the city of Tacoma.

At the annual business meeting of the church last week, the pastor suggested to the members that a city missionary would be of invaluable help to the church, in its various departments of work, in looking after the needy, and visiting the sick, etc. To his great surprise, one of his energetic and liberal business men moved that the members of the church employ a lady, who should devote all her time to said work. The motion was carried, and two members appointed to act with the pastor in selecting a suitable person to fill the office. In all probability, by the time these lines are in print the proper person will be doing her duty in her new sphere of life. COM.

OBITUARY.

BAKER.—Died, at Point Lobos, San Francisco, January 27, 1890, Charles Harry Baker, son of Mrs. S. C. Baker, aged 15 years. Interment at San Jose.

"NOT KNOWING."

This was the heading of a Scriptural wall-roll which hung in view of a suffering boy; for thirty days he learned the new page, turned daily by a loving mother's hand, during the brief periods of quietude from pain; thirty comforting "promises" were daily stored and pondered over; thirty days hope never left the mother's heart for his recovery. This morning the roll had, as usual, been turned for him, and it read, "Not Knowing." Below this, "When thou passest thro' the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee" (Isa. xliii: 2). Pain ceased, fainter grew pulsations, peace o'erspread his face; he spoke to him, but he knew us not; his gaze was steadfast on that "Not Knowing"; a slight quiver and all was over; but those large eyes had held fast for an hour on that roll. We closed his eyes, "knowing" he was safe in Jesus' arms. The next morning one of us turned the wall roll, just one page—and it was blank! How suggestive that last page! Harry was a member of the First Congregational church of this city, and a devoted Christian.

JONES.—Died, at her residence, in Salem, Or., on Sunday, January 12, 1890, at 7:30 A. M., Mrs. Annie W. Jones, wife of Geo. H. Jones, born in Grafton, N. H., in 1827.

The funeral services of Mrs. Annie W. Jones were conducted from her former residence in this city, yesterday afternoon, led by the pastor of the Congregational church, Rev. C. L. Corwin, assisted by Rev. P. S. Knight, her former pastor. Notwithstanding the general prevalence of sickness throughout the city, a large number of friends, among them many who had known Mrs. Jones from girlhood, gathered at the old home at the appointed hour to participate in the services of the occasion—to "weep with them that weep," and to testify to their love and respect for the character of the deceased. Among the floral offerings of the occasion were an anchor of rare flowers and a floral column, the main feature of which was a profusion of calla lilies, from the ladies of the society of the Congregational church, bearing the appropriate legend, "To the memory of the President of our society, who built it up." Mrs. Jones was the sister of C. A. Reed of Portland, and leaves a husband, Mr. George H. Jones, and one daughter, Miss Frankie Jones, widely known and loved by the people of Salem. Another daughter, Annie Bertha, a child of eight summers, now sleeps in the church-yard at Napa, California, where she was laid by her parents some years ago.

And so we bid adieu to another one of the old residents of Salem. One by one they are passing into the land of silence and rest. Mrs. Jones was a woman of more than ordinary activity and intelligence—a natural leader, a good thinker and an indomitable worker for the cause and kingdom of Christ, and as such will be missed by those with whom she has been so pleasantly and profitably associated for years.

"How mournful seems
To broken dreams
The memory of the day
When icy death
Hath sealed the breath
Of some dear form of clay;
When pale, unmoved,
The face we loved,
The face we thought so fair,
And the hand life cold
Whose fervent hold
Once charmed away despair." C.

PUBLICATION OF THE MINUTES.—Further receipts are as follows:
San Francisco First.....\$61 35
San Mateo.....3 20
Plymouth-avenue.....8 80
Salmon.....5 00
Campbell.....1 12
Tipson.....72
Stockton.....7 30
San Francisco Third.....17 45
Copperopolis.....65
Adin.....80
Feb. 3, 1890. H. H. WICKOFF.

The totals of missions in China are: 39 societies, 526 male missionaries, 597 women; total 1,123 missionaries; 162 native ordained helpers, 1,278 unordained, 34,555 communicants in the churches, and 14,817 pupils in schools; \$44,173 were contributed by the churches the past year and the net increase in membership was 2,295.

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Children's Department.

MILLIE'S BABIES.

Six little timid kittens,
Out in the cold alone,
Their mother is always gadding about,
And brings them not even a bone;
She's off in the morning early,
She's off till late at night;
A mischievous, selfish old pussy,
That never does anything right.
The kittens are always hungry,
They're too timid to catch a mouse;
And their mother is such an old gadder,
They won't keep her in any house.
She never petted nor played with them,
Nor washed them nice and clean,
Such six little dirty faces
I'm sure I have never seen;
Six little sad, sad kittens,
All sitting in a row,
Cold and hungry and dirty,
From the tip of each nose to each toe.
Twelve little ears and six little tails
Hanging and drooping low,
So out on the steps I found them,
Sitting all in a row.
And Millie begged hard to keep them,
And fed them and washed them so clean;
Such six bright, cunning kittens
I'm sure I never have seen.
The boys laughed at Millie's babies;
She cared not a word for them;
If she hadn't adopted those kittens,
What in the world would they do?
—School and Home.

THE SORROWS OF ROBERT T. MIGRATORIOUS.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

I am one of the last generation of a very old family. I have no doubt that my remotest ancestors walked about in Eden, and went into the ark with Noah; but I don't care about that. They are all gone. I am here, and I am unhappy. They don't do me a cherry's worth of good to-day.

Last year I was a thoughtless young creature, whom people called Bob. I have few recollections beyond that, except that, when I began to go alone, my anxious parents directed my first steps or hops to a piece of land where there grew a most delicious berry—seedy, sweet and fragrant, and blushing red among its leaves. How I feasted on this new dainty! Did you ever eat a strawberry? I had, of course, to eat some worms. My mother said they made me strong in the bones. But they are not really nice; there's a flavor of earth about them. I prefer the taste of grasshoppers. But then they do kick so if you happen to swallow them whole that its very disagreeable; and, as we only use them young, one is quite apt to forget to pick them enough at first. Currants, too, do make you ache inside; they are so sour. Raspberries are too often flavored with squash bugs, which are sickening. But strawberries! Ah, how delightful to plunge your bill into that cool, crisp flesh that turns to delicious juice as you pick it!

I have never forgotten those berries, and yet I had to summon up all my courage to enjoy them, for the beds were pervaded by an awful beast, ten times my size, four-legged and hairy, with a long tail and two round yellow eyes just like moons. He used to come, stepping softly, so that one never heard him, give a sudden spring and pounce, and there you were—chewed up! My dear brother Bobbin disappeared in his jaws; but, after he had been so slaughtered, my daddy and mammy used to sit on the trellis near by and begin to scold when they saw him coming, so that I could fly away. And my cousin, Mimmy Carolinensis, used to enjoy sitting on a bough near at hand and mocking the beast when he cried out. He didn't like that; but it was fun to Mimmy. She had a nest in the old lilacs, and the four-legged beast hated so to have her mock him, he would run away after a while rather than stay and be mewed at like that. When it was cold we went away. Our family always spend their winters at the South. Snow does not agree with them; and then, when the ground gets frozen stiff, there is nothing to eat—for we don't care about cedar-berries. But we stop whenever we like and wherever the country is pretty fruitful, and so live along till spring goes north again, and we go after her.

This spring I was a spruce youth, with a brown suit and red vest, able to take care of myself; and after we reached the North I began to think about having a wife and a nest. I forgot to say, that, besides that four-legged beast, there were what they called people in the place where the strawberries grew—great awkward creatures who had two legs, to be sure, just as we have, but could neither hop nor fly, and had all sorts of colored features that they took off and put on in such a silly way. They didn't eat worms, but used to fetch each other big lumps of red meat and fat loaves of what they called bread. The crumbs of it aren't bad for a change, though. But they did eat strawberries, and wanted them all—the greedy things! And when they saw me and my sisters eating them, they used to flap their long side bones at us, and say, "Shoo-o-o!" in the most disagreeable and startling manner. Well, as I was saying, I made up my mind to have a wife and a nest; so I looked about me, and at length fixed on my third cousin, Miss Robina T. Migratorious, a sweet, slim young thing, with great soft, dark eyes, and such a pretty, modest hop and side. But let me tell you, I had to fight for her! That trim, slender creature had at least four lovers. I fought off three raggedish, cross-grained fellows quite easily, but the fourth, my own cousin, Bobbin T. M., was wily and spruce and kept his feathers sleek and his tail well up, and altogether looked almost as well as I did; but I was the heaviest. Mother had made me eat many worms in the winter;

and wild berries that are strengthening; so I whipped Bobbin and Robina had to stop flirting with him for good and all, and take up with me.

When we began to look about for a nest place, I remembered last year's strawberry bed, and also that right at the end of that bed there stood a big larch tree, divided into two branches, and all wound about with a beautiful green vine that sheltered the notch in the parting of the boughs; so one day Robina and I went to see it.

It was just the right spot! As soon as the vine leaved out it would cover that crotch with leaves, and keep out both sun and rain; and there below it lay the long rows of strawberry plants, just as handy as could be. So we went to work and built us a fine, roomy nest; and when the leaves on the vine began to unfold, my dear Robina laid five beautiful blue eggs on the soft floor of the nest, and began to sit on them with the greatest sweetness and patience, while I sat on a near bough and sang to her when I was not hunting food for her:

"Patience, sweet mother!
The sun's growing warm;
Soon fall the blossoms,
And berries will form."

"Soon will they ripen,
Fragrant and red;
Soon I will bring them
Up from the bed."

"When the blue prism
Shall shine and break,
When they see babies
Arise and awake,"

"When their bills open
And clamor for food,
Then the red berries
Shall fill them with good."

For you see, the plants put out their white blossoms just about the time she began to set; and though she grew very scraggy and rumpled, setting there so long, and never took any care of her feathers, or seemed to relish the soft worms I fetched her, still I did not say much about it; for it is robin-wife's first duty to stay at home and hatch eggs, no matter how she looks; and then she was pretty patient, considering this was her first experience. After a while the berries grew large, and there came good rains to swell them still more; and by this time our eggs had all broken, and let out five lovely little birdlings, with such beautiful big mouths, and great, dull eyes, and yellow legs, and no feathers, but a kind of hair, which was quite elegant, and so nice for them at first. They were real beauties, and Robina squawked pitifully for a whole day, when one of them fell out of the nest and was instantly killed. I did not care so much; for the nest was crowded, and four are enough to feed at once; for they seemed to be all hollow inside, and croaked and gaped for things to eat all day long. Besides, it is so easy to lay more eggs, as I said to Robina. But, strange to say, she scolded and pecked at me, and said, with very sharp and cross peeps, that perhaps I wouldn't think so if I had to do the setting. So I said perhaps not, and made a little, sad song, which seemed to comfort her.

"Poor little Tot!
The mischief is in it!
Fell out of the nest
And died in a minute."

"Don't give a peep;
His short life is over;
He's gone to his sleep
In the blossoming clover."

And then I flew down and pecked a red piece out of the first berry that had begun to ripen, and brought it up to her. She seemed to swallow it with an effort; but she looked at me kindly. I guess it was sour; for the rest of the berry was quite green. But then to have something in your crop is such a comfort, however bad you feel.

Well, to come to the misery; the berries soon began to ripen, and Robina cheered up, and the youngsters grew fatter and hungrier every day, when, suddenly, one of those odd people, who seemed to think they owned the berries, came out with a parcel of sticks in his hand, and some pounding things, and what looked like long thorns, and some strings, and set up something like a low trellis all along the middle, and on both sides of each bed. I scolded a little at first; but then I concluded it was kindly done for us to sit on and put the children on when we were tired of eating berries. So I told Robina that I would not say any more bad things about these people; for that old one in the rusty feathers, with a roof on his head, had been so kind. But she didn't seem to think so. She said wait. Perhaps he wasn't that kind; and, maybe, to-morrow, we'd know more. But next day I went down and ate the biggest berry; and then I let her go and eat the next biggest, and there was a smallish one I brought up to let the youngsters have their first taste. And how they croaked for more! But the day after there came another people, with more feathers on, and pink ones, too, and a white roof; and the gray one came after, and the pink one looked at the fence, and nodded its head, and flapped its two long bones here and there; and then they both went and fetched a great piece of stuff—something like a thick spider's web, only stronger—and spread it over those fences, if you'll believe me; and even pinned it down to the ground with double black thorns, which one of 'em—the pink one—pulled out of its head, and just covered up those berries, so we couldn't get a single one.

Robina and I scolded as loud and as hard as we could all the time; but we didn't scare them a mite. They went right on till every bed was covered. But still I didn't quite despair. There was another bed a long way from these,

at the end of the garden. I hoped they wouldn't discover that. But they did! Now just think of it. Here I am with four to feed—and so fond of strawberries myself, and Robina likes them, too—and we can see them growing large and red and sweet every day under these great, strong webs, but can't get one of them. I did once get in under one of the webs through a place at the end; but that old, gray, rusty creature saw me and skipped out with another piece of web; and now I can't get in. Just think of it, I say. There are those delicious things shut up so six hungry mouths can't get at one of 'em. Greedy beasts! They want to eat them all; and its horrid. What if they did plant the bushes? Do they own the dirt they grow in, and the air, and the sunshine, and the rain that makes them grow? Not a bit. These are ours. And if it wasn't too much trouble, and would be inconvenient to us, I'd stop their supplies mighty quick. Don't I catch their worms, too? I've a great mind never to catch another one. I wouldn't, only we have to live; and, if we can't have berries, we must have worms. I don't know what I shall do? Life isn't much without strawberries. Perhaps, when the young ones can fly, we'll go to some other garden where people don't do so. But what if the strawberries should be gone?

Oh! ho! I've got a thought. In our garden there are ever so many rasp berry trees, and they're full of green ones. By and by they'll be ripe. Then we'll see! Peep, Robina! Here's a prospect! What does she say?

"Perhaps they'll cover them!"
O! dear!
ROBERT TURDUS MIGRATORIOUS.
—Independent.

A BRIGHT BIRD.

English starlings are interesting birds. They can be taught to speak, and very distinctly, too. A certain starling, the property of a barber, had been taught to carry on a dialogue as follows: "Who are you?" "I'm Joe," the bird would reply. "Where are you from?" "From Plimlico," would be the quick answer. "Who is your master?" "The barber," "What brought you here?" "Bad company," the wise bird would reply. Now it came to pass one day that the starling escaped from his cage and flew away to enjoy his liberty. The barber was in despair. Joe was the life of the shop; many a customer came attracted by the fame of the bird, and the barber saw his receipts falling off. Then, too, he loved the bird, which had proved so apt a pupil. But all efforts to find the stray bird were in vain. Meanwhile Joe had been enjoying life on his own account. A few days passed very pleasantly, and then, alas! he fell into the snare of the fowler, literally. A man lived a few miles from the barber's home, who made the snaring of birds his business. Some birds he stuffed and sold; others again he sold to the hotel near by, to be served up in delicate tid-bits to fastidious guests. Much to his surprise, Joe found himself one day in the fowler's nest, in company with a large number of birds as frightened as himself. The fowler began drawing out the birds, one after another, and wringing their necks. Joe saw that his turn was coming, and something must be done. It was clear that the fowler would not ask questions, so Joe piped out: "I'm Joe!" "Hey! what's that?" cried the fowler. "I'm Joe," repeated the bird. "The mischief you are!" said the astonished fowler. "What brought you here?" "Bad company," said Joe promptly. It is needless to say that Joe's neck was not wrung, and that he was soon restored to his rejoicing master, the barber.—*The Young Churchman.*

JUST A HINT TO BOYS.

I stood in a store, the other day, when a boy came in and applied for a situation.

"Can you write a good hand?" was asked.

"Yas."

"Good at figures?"

"Yas."

"Know the city well?"

"Yas."

"That will do—I don't want you," said the merchant.

"But," I said when the boy had gone. "I know that lad to be an honest, industrious boy. Why don't you give him a chance?"

"Because he hasn't learned to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir.' If he answers me as he did when applying for a situation, how will he answer customers after being here a month?"

What could I say to that? He had fallen into a bad habit, young as he was, which turned him away from the first situation he had applied for.—*M. Quad in Free Press.*

The small boy of a clergyman in Portland, Me., was detected by his mother in the act of "ornamenting" with his jack-knife a costly inlaid table by a deeply-cut carving of his idea of a steamboat. A day or two after, the lady saw him from the door looking with admiring gaze at his partially-completed work, and heard him sigh: "I wish I had got the smoke-stack on before she licked me."

A man who keeps a livery stable had a mule for sale, and hearing that a friend in a neighboring town wanted to buy one, sent him the following, written on a postal card: "Dear friend—If you are looking for a No. 1 mule, don't forget me."

GLEANINGS.

I don't want to be a perfect man. If I was, who could I run with down here? In a quarrel between two rascals God never works on one without working on the other.

It's mighty hard to talk sense for an hour and not bore some greenhorn without intending to do it.

A thing to be thankful for is that God so sifts our prayers that only the right ones are answered. If all the foolish ones were granted, we would have unspeakable suffering.—*Exchange.*

If the sense of the ridiculous is one side of an impressive nature, it is very well; but if that is all there is in a man, he had better have been an ape and stood at the head of his profession at once.

"Waitin' is always safe, and time needn't be wasted in frettin' or bewailin', for the Lord knows there's a sight of good work waitin' to be done, and single women has the best chance at 'em." —*Louisa M. Alcott.*

All the working hours of all the day may be made to tell on the Christian's growth. Is not that the meaning of the apostle's saying, "that whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do, we should do all for the glory of God?"—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

O! my brothers, God exists. There is a soul at the center of nature and over the will of every man, so that none of us can wrong the universe. It has so infused its strong enchantment into nature that we prosper when we accept its advice; and when we struggle to wound its creatures our hands are glued to our sides, or they beat our own breasts.

Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be to you as its close. Then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others, some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourself. So from day to day, from strength to strength, you shall build up indeed, by art, by thought, and by just will, an ecclesia of England, of which it shall not be said, "See what manner of stones are here," but "See what manner of men." —*Ruskin.*

If a man is to exist millions of years after his death, if one can speak of years in considering the admeasurements of eternity, to be himself he must be able to remember himself. Let a man now think what will probably be the precious things of memory a myriad of years hence, when all the present state of terrestrial affairs shall have passed away, all its history destroyed, all its monuments forgotten. Will it be the accumulation of a few poor, pitiful millions of dollars, most of which he could not use even while in the flesh? Will it be that his name was in the newspapers of his day? Will it be that he had a momentary thrill of physical enjoyment? What will it be? If, amid all these things, he was ever able to turn one soul from the error of his way, and stopped and dried up a stream of sin, and brought that soul into the possession of eternal life, will not the memory of that in the world to come be to the man something in value outweighing all thrones and crowns and sceptres and terrestrial palaces?—*Dr. Charles F. Deems.*

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Archdeacon Farrar, in a recent sermon, presents a somewhat novel, but certainly a very cogent argument for the support of missions in barbarous or semi-civilized countries. It is a home thrust.

Missions are incumbent on us, because—to our shame be it spoken, and I hope it will go home to the heart of every Englishman here—we have taken with us all over the world a ruinous and clinging curse—the curse of drink. It is not the only wrong we have done, by any means. The kidnaper has gone forth from us to the sweet Pacific Islands; we were for years guilty of the execrable slave trade. The diseases we have inflicted have been bad enough, but our drink is worst of all; and as yet the conscience of this nation is as hard as the nether millstone to the fact of our guilt. Let the shameful truth be spoken, that mainly because of drink, our footsteps among savage nations have again and again been footsteps dyed in blood. The wild tribes of America, the once flourishing Hottentots and Kaffirs, the noble Maoris of New Zealand, the native tribes of Madagascar, decimated, degraded, perishing, uplift to us in wrath and supplication their appealing, their indignant names. We have cursed India with our drunkenness, and at this moment after so short an occupation, we are cursing Egypt with it, too. We have poured upon these nations the vials of this plague of ours, this vice of our people, this bane and leprosy of our civilization—are we not bound to give the antidote? There is only one course which can hush the voices which louder and louder are pleading trumpet-tongued to God against this nation, and that is to give them the blessing and the antidote to this crime, which we have taken to them; that is the only course which can avert the omen of our crimes.

All this may be said of the American nation. Our own sins and our complicity with the crimes of other nations, and the importation of these evils into barbarous and heathen countries, create an obligation to supply the antidote. A large part of our missionary work is to counteract our own exported evils. Among the American exports is vice.—*Divine Life.*

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Miscellany.

THE WORLD'S WAY.

At Haroun's court it chanced, upon a time,
An Arab poet made this pleasant rhyme:

The new moon is a horeshoe, wrought of
God,
Wherewith the Sultan's stallion shall be
shod.

On hearing this, his Highness smiled and
gave
The man a gold piece. "Sing again, O slave!"

Above his late the happy singer bent,
And turned another graceful compliment.

And as before, the smiling Sultan gave
The man a shekah. "Sing again, O slave!"

Again the verse came, fluent as a rill
That wanders, silver-footed, down a hill.

The Sultan, listening, nodded as before,
Still gave the gold, and still demanded more.

The nimble fancy that had climbed so high,
Grew weary with its climbing by and by.

Strange discords rose, the sense went quite
amiss,
The singer's rhymes refused to meet and kiss.

Invention flagged, the lute had got unstrung,
And twice he sung the song already sung.

The Sultan, furious, called a mute and said:
"O Mute, straightway whip me off his head!"

Poets, not in Arabia alone
You get beheaded when your skill is gone.

—T. B. Aldrich.

HOW MANY INDIANS?

Are the Indians, as some say, diminishing year by year? And will the time speedily come when the whole land will be as free of them as Massachusetts is today?

Two years ago the writer made this answer to similar inquiries: "It is pleasant for their friends and the friends of humanity to discover by actual counts that they are not diminishing."

True, like certain Danish and Celtic clans that once migrated from place to place on British soil, and then vanished from history, many Indian tribes have disappeared; others, like Anglo-American households, have diminished till but few scattered names remain to mark the strange ways of a strange people.

Cochise, the Apache chief, shortly before his death said: "The Whites began a war with me years ago. I have slain ten for every Indian killed, but my people grow less and less; I want peace." A few such warlike tribes as above intimated have been altogether or nearly exterminated, but other large tribes have increased, some greatly and some but little.

With few exceptions, the Indians of the United States have been gathered upon portions of public lands. These portions, called Indian Reservations, dot the United States maps with their little squares—uniformly representing lands which the surrounding white men desire to possess. Energetic pushers want to cross them with railroads, pasture sheep and cattle thereon, prospect for gold and silver within them, and ever regard it as a great hardship to be kept outside. Many white people who live neighbors to the Indians regard the land of those Indians with a very different feeling from that they would have if white men owned it.

Each reservation has an agent, a white man, appointed by the President. This agent is virtually a king of a small kingdom. He has white employees, such as the farmer, teacher, blacksmith and doctor; they constitute his counselors of state. Sometimes he adds to his governing force three Indian judges and ten or twelve Indian policemen.

Thus we see that with so many white men among them it is easier than formerly for us to number the Indians. Not many years ago, a counting was done by army officers and other Government officials; they simply estimated the number of tribes and individuals. It was when the nations were more nomadic than at present; when tribes were ever changing their habitations; when they had to move great distances to supply their wants; when the buffalo, a thousand and more in a herd, roamed over our vast prairies.

Writers for papers or magazines of that time guessed at the population or referred to the incomplete estimates. In our time a correct census has been taken and the results put down. From a careful study of these reports, it is evident that now the Indians, as a whole, like the Negroes of the South, are increasing.

Thirty years ago there were several causes which carried off the Indians; among these were contagious diseases which unintentionally the white people brought among them. Sad indeed were the ravages of the small-pox and the measles.

That dreadful Whitman massacre, not far from Walla Walla, where a band of missionaries were savagely murdered, doubtless resulted from the simultaneous incoming of missions and measles. The measles was then a new disease. The Indians imputed it to evil spirits in Dr. Whitman's camp. The medicine-men did not know what to prescribe. The sudden cold bath after the heat of a sweat-house was followed by death. Herbs and extracts, hitherto efficacious in sickness, gave no relief. So, like white people under yellow fever and cholera, being unable to stay the hand of the destroyer, multitudes of the race miserably perished. Who, under such harrowing distress, wonders at their superstitious folly and horrid resentment?

But now Indians have more knowledge. There are good reservation doctors or army surgeons near at hand. Contagion and epidemic are met at the threshold and frustrated. There is no more sweep-

ing of men, women and children, from these causes, into untimely graves.

Another desolating scourge has ceased. There are no longer Indian wars. Those fierce tribal conflicts, merciless and long continuing, have at last passed away. Once the Chippewa was taught to hate the Dakota, and the Dakota to return the feeling with interest. The Nez Perce detested the Snake, and the Snake gave the hunters of the Nez Perce no rest. Thus, like France and England in olden times, each nation had its hereditary enemy. Tribes combined to fight other tribes and often fought to extermination.

People who hold to the "vanishing" theory declare that Indians do not thrive on the white man's food; and great losses are claimed from this fruitful source. The contrary is nearer the truth. As soon as they catch the white man's regularity of supply, of preparation and eating, taking as we do two or three meals every day, they are healthier than when they went days without food, and then like gourmands gorged themselves; healthier than when they seized upon animals that had died, and to satisfy the cravings of false appetites consumed the poisonous flesh.

Making a careful computation from the latest reports which embrace all the States and Territories, excepting Alaska, we count 262,620. The accompanying table shows us how they are distributed:

Arizona.....	21,163
California.....	11,409
Dakota.....	31,409
Idaho.....	4,276
Indian Territory.....	83,284
Iowa.....	354
Kansas.....	976
Michigan.....	9,577
Minnesota.....	5,287
Montana.....	14,775
Nebraska.....	3,692
New Mexico.....	30,003
New York.....	5,007
North Carolina.....	3,100
Oregon.....	5,055
Texas.....	387
Utah.....	2,699
Washington Territory.....	10,996
Wisconsin.....	7,838
Wyoming Territory.....	1,855
Florida (Seminole and Indian Territory).....	892
Maine (Old Town Indians).....	416
Nevada.....	8,316
Total.....	262,620

—Gen. O. O. Howard.

STATISTICS OF DIVORCE.

From the Present-Day Paper in the January Century on "Problems of the Family," written by Rev. Samuel W. Dike, we quote the following: "Out of the total of 328,716 divorces granted in the United States in the twenty years from 1867 to 1886, inclusive, 289,546 were granted to couples who had been married in this country, and only 7,739 were from marriages celebrated in foreign countries. The place of the marriage of 31,389 is unknown. One-fourth of these latter are reported from Connecticut, as that State does not require a disclosure of the place of marriage in its libels for divorce. Now, the report shows that out of the 289,546 divorces whose place of marriage was in this country and was ascertained, 231,867, or 80.1 per cent., took place in the same State where the persons divorced had been married, and 57,679 couples, or 19.9 per cent., obtained divorce in some other State. The migration from State to State to obtain divorce must therefore be included within this 19.9 per cent. But it cannot be even anything like the whole of it. For in 1870 there were 23.2 per cent., and in 1880, 22.1 per cent., of the native-born population of this country living in States where they were not born. Of course, this last class comprises persons of all ages, while that under special consideration is made up of those who migrated between the date of marriage and that of divorce. The length of married life before divorce in the United States averages 9.17 years, which, I think, is from one-third to one-half the average continuation of a marriage in those instances where divorce does not occur. Careful study may lead to a reasonably correct approximation to the proper reduction from the 19.9 per cent., and thus give the probable percentage of cases of migration to obtain divorce, but at present I would not venture an opinion on the point. It certainly is a very small part of all the divorces of the country, though varying in different States. But the necessity of such investigation is the point it illustrates. The discovery of these facts alone justifies the cost of the invaluable report of the Department of Labor. It can hardly fail to compel the study of the problem of uniformity from almost entirely new points of view as to its real nature and place in the general question."

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

One day, seven years ago, when a preacher went into the pulpit to preach, he found that the sexton had forgotten to put a glass of water on the pulpit table. His throat was dry, and he felt that he could hardly preach without a drink of water. He was in a strange church, and did not know how to get the water without interrupting the services.

Just then one of the little girls in the congregation noticed the empty glass. Without disturbing any one, she rose and brought a full glass of water to the preacher. It relieved his throat, and helped him to preach a better sermon.

That preacher has never forgotten that cup of water, nor the little girl who brought it. And sometimes he says that he can remember one cup of water so many years, it will be very easy for Christ to remember the little things that his little ones do for him.—Christian Observer.

BREVITIES.

The general term of the New York Supreme Court has affirmed the conviction of Herr Most and his sentence to one year's imprisonment in the penitentiary. Most was convicted of using language tending to incite riot during a speech at an Anarchist meeting in November, 1887.

Says the Merced Express: "The party who left Fresno Flats last week to recover the body of James Bell, who perished in the snow on Dunlaps Mountain, found Bell's faithful dog guarding the remains of his master. The dog would not let the party approach the body, and they were compelled to kill him."

It is said that deer and wild game of all kinds have been driven very low down in the foothills, and fall an easy prey to the hunter. The snow is so deep on the mountain ranges that the game is driven in to the lower lands to seek food. Some of the foothill ranches report the loss of sheep by depredating mountain lions.

From Austin, Nev., we learn that the Nevada Central Railroad is fighting the snow continuously, and has not been able to make more than three round trips to and from Battle Mountain since the first of the year. All travel is impeded. Flour and food are getting scarce. At Belmont, ninety miles from here, there is no coal, and oil and flour are short. There has been over six feet of snow since December 1st. Sheep and cattle are dying by hundreds. The greatest amount of snow on record has fallen this season.

It is not alone on this Coast or in America that storms are fearful this season. The report from London last Monday was that gales are increasing in severity in Great Britain and off the coast. Many sailors are drowned. The Umbria (Cunard steamer) reports the roughest passage ever experienced; passengers were injured by being thrown about. The damage by the storm is tremendous. Rivers in Ireland and Wales are overflowing their banks. Steamers report fearful weather in the Irish channel.

The Alliance Record in a recent issue publishes the testimony of a "cloud of witnesses" to how the granting of grocers' licenses in England has resulted in a great increase of drunkenness, especially among women. The original object of these licenses was said to be to draw men away from the public houses and induce them to consume what liquors they required in their family circles. But the actual result has been exactly the opposite of this, not only men, but women and children being drawn more and more to the public house and the drunkard's grave.

The electric light has found a curious use in Russia, viz, for illuminating saintly images in cathedrals. Thus, a magnificent figure of the Madonna, just placed in the Alexander Newsky Monastery, loaded with precious metals and gems of immense value, stands glittering in the focus of an electric beam, which is also the case with the "Kashah" Madonna in St. Petersburg. From near and afar thousands make pilgrimages to these shrines. It has been decided to illuminate the ancient monastery of St. Ursula at Olmutz, the first instance on record of its use exclusively in a monastery.

MISS WILLARD TO THE PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS.

The following appeal has been sent to the Pan-American delegates over the signature of Miss Willard:

To the South American, Central American and Mexican Commissioners of the Pan-American Congress—HONORED BROTHERS: The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union greeted your arrival in our native land with great good-will, and has watched your travels with profound interest. We were glad that the peaceful panorama of this Republic's material civilization was unruffled before you, and sorry that its higher and more enduring forces could not be equally displayed.

"We read with regret of the almost continuous banquetings in which intoxicating liquors held a place so prominent, for such customs are a relic of Europeans, and not an indigenous feature of our western civilization.

"Life insurance statistics show that the average longevity of the moderate drinker is thirty-five years and a half, while that of the total abstainer from intoxicating liquors is sixty-four years. A nation that has made the sale of alcohol a crime against constitutional or statutory laws in seven of its forty-two States, and by local enactments over one-half of its populated area, fails to illustrate its distinctive national features when it places intoxicating liquors before its guests. Will you permit us respectfully to urge on your attention the study of our prohibitory, as well as our non-prohibitory States?—for we believe that no other line of investigation open to you in the great Republic promises so much of blessing to your own respective countries.

"So you are the new girl," said the boarders to the new waiter; "and by what name are we to call you?" "Pearl," said the maid, with a saucy toss of her head. "O," asked a smart boarder, "are you the pearl of great price?" "No; I'm the pearl that was cast before swine." There was a long silence, broken only by the buzz of the flies in the milk-pitcher.

In a quarrel the other fellow is always to blame.

NATIONALISM AND SOCIALISM.

Nationalism, we said, is a higher plane than the Socialism that has appeared among the working classes. It should constantly be borne in mind that there are two sorts of Socialism; a good sort and a bad sort. There is a Socialism of hatred and spoliation, and another of good will and mutual helpfulness. Now please observe, I do not by any means say that the Socialism of the working classes belongs to the former kind, for it does not, as I distinctly know; but nevertheless there is a decided difference between the Socialism advocated by the Nationalists and that generally preached to our working classes. To this distinction it is worth paying some attention.

German Socialists lay undue stress on Socialism being a class movement, which, indeed, they make the decisive test for fellowship; and then they interpret that term in such a way as to place themselves in a radically wrong position from an American standpoint. They draw a horizontal line through society, with manual workers below the line and all others above it, and then they virtually preach a class-war between the two divisions. No wonder that in Germany they are charged with preaching hatred and contempt against the upper classes, for that, to be frank, is what they are doing. This, of course, is philosophically and morally wrong.

The fact is, as we all know, that this class-hatred has never obtained among Anglo-Saxons, and that particularly in our country there have always been found noble hearts both among the rich and the comfortable classes who have had a true sympathy with the toilers and some even who were willing to sacrifice all to right their wrongs. The wane of Fourierism, already spoken of, was one sign of it. Nationalism and Christian Socialism are another most cheering sign. These movements, then, rectify the blunder; they make the dividing line between the two contending forces vertical instead of horizontal, thereby dividing all classes, so that we have still on one side the poor and the suffering, but also the noble, the progressive and patriotic, opposed to the ignorant and the selfish, who find their advantage in the present social anarchy.

But there is another vital distinction. Nationalism stands for patriotism, while European Socialism considers that sentiment a vice rather than a virtue. For this there is also ample excuse to be found in the geographical position of Europe. It is impossible to realize Socialism in one country, say Germany, as long as Russia and France stand in a threatening attitude on its borders. No wonder, then, that Karl Marx closed every exhortation to his disciples with the words: "Workingmen of all countries, unite!" No wonder that the wage-workers have followed the injunction, and shaking hands across the borders, ignore all merely national interests and denounce patriotism as selfishness. All this loses considerable force when we pass to Great Britain; but here in the United States it is not applicable at all. Nationalism emphasizes the very contrary. It stamps patriotism as an ethical sentiment, which in truth it is, because nations are the necessary intermediary steps in the evolution of humanity. Since love of mankind is still too weak a sentiment to move any but the choicest spirits, it behooves us, wherever possible, to foster patriotism, the more so, as no people on earth are yet truly a "nation." And that is precisely possible and practicable in these United States. We are a self-contained nation, which is just where we have a decided advantage over Great Britain. We can here realize Socialism without as ing leave of others, and therefore ought to go to work and do it, without considering others, assured as we can be that we shall in the end prove ourselves the best servants of humanity. Nationalism precisely thereby justifies its name, and might indeed with propriety call itself the American party.

We are proud of Uncle Sam, and what we intend to do is to enable him to grow on the very lines that were laid down by the Pilgrims when they landed at Plymouth Rock.—L. Gronlund in Arena Magazine.

MISSIONARIES OF CRIME.

Robert G. Ingersoll seems to be now awakening to the truth that the church is not wholly responsible for the crime and misery so prevalent in this "wicked world of ours." In an address, Crime Against Criminals, lately delivered before the State Bar Association of Albany, N. Y., among many other things, he said: "We know that diseases of flesh and blood are transmitted from one generation to another. Are diseases of the brain, deformities of a soul or mind, also transmitted? I am perfectly satisfied that there are millions of people incapable of committing certain crimes, and it may be true that there are millions more incapable of practicing certain virtues. We do not blame a man because he is not a sculptor, a poet, a painter or statesman. We say he has not the genius. Are we certain it does not require genius to be good?"

"Why should the State take without compensation the labor of criminals, and why should they, after having been imprisoned for years, be turned out without means of support? Would it not be far better to

pay these men for their labor, lay aside their earnings, put this money at interest, so that when a convict is released he would have not merely enough money to pay his way back to the place from which he was sent, but enough to keep the wolf crime from the door of his heart. . . . Put 1000 hardened thieves on an island, compel them to produce what they eat and use, and I am almost certain that the large majority would be opposed to theft. Such a community would be self-supporting. Keep the sexes absolutely apart. Those who are beyond the power of reformation should not have the power to reproduce themselves. They should dwell apart and, dying, leave no heirs.

"If we are to change the conduct of men we must change their conditions. Extreme poverty and crime go hand in hand. Tenements and flats and rented lands are, in my judgment, enemies of civilization. They put a few in palaces and many in prisons."

In closing, Colonel Ingersoll said: "Ignorance, filth and poverty are missionaries of crime. As long as dishonorable success outranks honest effort, as long as society bows and cringes before great thieves, there will be little ones enough to fill the jails."



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NEWS BRIEVITIES.

There were 684 arrests for illegal liquor selling in Boston last year, 804 seizures, and 8,500 gallons of alcoholic stuff were forfeited.

The Baptist University at Chicago is to be re-established. J. D. Rockefeller's gift of \$600,000 has been secured by the donation of \$400,000 more, and a site by Marshall Field worth \$100,000.

Tippo Tib, the great African slave dealer, is getting tired of his wanderings and dangerous existence, and proposes to settle down as a solid citizen on his estate at Casimo, 300 miles above Stanley Falls, where he has built for himself a large and fine stone mansion. His son, however, will carry on his father's trade, in which he has already been quite successful, as on his last expedition he returned with forty tons of ivory worth \$350,000.

At the first election held in Kansas under the woman's municipal suffrage law, the cry went up that the ignorant black women of Leavenworth, the largest city in the State, would vote with the saloon and be controlled by the vicious element. Out of nearly seven hundred 'ignorant black women,' all but twenty-three voted 'For God and Home and Native Land.' No amount of intimidation could turn these women from their mother instinct of home-protection.

The business done by the Woman's Temperance Publication association, Chicago, in the last year, amounts in round numbers to \$180,000. The increase in cash receipts the past year is \$39,000. A dividend of seven per cent has been declared for the third time to stockholders. Considering that all this enterprise relates to temperance pure and simple, and is conducted by women, the record is one to which the history of the temperance movement affords no parallel.

Governor Humphrey, of Kansas, has caused to be prepared statistics regarding the aggregate number of men employed and the capital invested in manufacturing concerns before and since the Prohibition law went into effect in 1878. The capital invested in 1878 amounted to \$6,426,902, while in 1885 it was \$19,000,000, and for 1889 it was \$37,500,000. In 1885 there were 1,200 men employed, and in 1888 the number reached 16,977. This does not seem much like injuring the business interests of Kansas by Prohibition.

EASTERN WASHINGTON.

The First Church of Spokane Falls opened their temporary place of worship Sunday, January 12th. It is known as the Temporary Temple of the Congregational church. It is well lighted and heated and had a new carpet and portieres. The main room is 50x45 feet, and there are two class-rooms, one each for the Bible and Infant classes. Rev. R. A. Beard of Seattle preached in the morning, after which communion was observed. Seven were received into the church, six by letter and one on profession of faith. In the evening the young people had a missionary meeting at half past six, after which a union service in the interests of the Y. M. C. A. was held in the Methodist Tabernacle. Rev. R. J. Mooney of Ellensburg gave a brilliant address on "The Man We Want," which was highly praised by all. Mr. Beard made the financial speech and obtained pledges of something over \$2,500 for the Y. M. C. A. during 1890. On Monday evening a Congregational reception was held in the new temple, and over two hundred people were present. An elaborate programme, consisting of instrumental and vocal solos, a trio and a song by the church quartet, was carried out. Speeches were made by Revs. Mooney and Beard; subject, "Congregationalism," after which refreshments were served and a social evening passed. Mr. Mooney reported things prospering at Ellensburg. Five new members were received into the church on January 5th.

Rev. T. W. Walters has at last moved to Spokane with his family, and settled on the north side of the city.

A council, for the purpose of considering the matter of founding and locating a Congregational school of high grade for Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho, is called to meet in Spokane Falls, February 4th, 1890. It will meet in the chapel of the Temporary Temple.

Deacon Andrus says that in an article published in THE PACIFIC about a month ago it was reported that thirteen Sunday-schools had developed into churches of other denominations. It should have said three. ROSINE EDWARDS.

Jan. 16, 1890.

MARRIED.

HALE—CALDWELL.—At Ocean View, San Francisco, February 2, 1890, by Rev. A. L. Rankin, Frank O. Hale to Julia A. Caldwell.

SMITH—LIMBAUGH.—At Rio Vista, January 15th, by Rev. G. M. Dexter, Mr. Frank D. Smith of San Francisco to Miss Minnie Lee Limbaugh.

DIED.

EDWARDS.—In Rio Vista, January 16, 1890, Mr. James B. Eustice, a native of Cornwall, England, aged 84 years and 10 months.

EDWARDS.—January 26, 1890, Mrs. James B. Eustice, aged 85 years and 4 months.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, FEB. 16. LUKE 8: 7-22.

By Rev. W. N. Meserve.

THE MINISTRY OF JOHN.

1. John's fierce denunciation (Vs. 7, 8.) They deserved it. "What advantage then hath the Jew? much every way," etc.; yet they had descended so low as to merit the epithet, "generation of vipers." They were asked who had warned them. John's preaching was heard far and near. Truth brooks no barriers. Some ministers to-day are heard around the globe. John's preaching of the wrath to come shows that the element of fear has its place in the work of redemption. It was just that style of preaching that seemed necessary to move the people and impel them to repentance.

2. Impending judgment. (Vs. 8, 9.) According to John's word the Jews must have supposed themselves safe because they were the elect people, descendants of Abraham. The only tie of blood that can avail anything is to be a "blood relation" to Jesus Christ. To have "Abraham to our father" is good, but not sufficiently good. There is a fine sarcasm in the words: "God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham." The Jewish theology of that day must have supposed that God was under obligation to the descendants of Abraham. The figure of the ax laid at the root of the trees is graphic; Jesus' forbearance is ending; in wrath he will presently hew down and cast into the fire—words of terrific import.

3. What then must we do? (Vs. 10, 11.) John answered by specifying the "works meet for repentance" which they must do. He enjoined practical brotherhood. Has a man with no coat a right to expect one from him who has two? The better question is, Has a man with two coats a right to withhold from him who has none? What, in other words, is the duty of superabundance in the presence of need? Jesus, John and the apostles agree in the solution of such problems. Equalization is a large part of the gospel scheme. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." The iron hand that seizes it for selfish ends is the hand of a robber. The only true philosophy is that which recognizes equal rights. Great riches and dire poverty are subversive of a right order. Give me neither poverty nor riches, is the prayer of righteousness.

4. Special directions to publicans and soldiers. (Vs. 12-14.) To the publicans John said: "Extort no more than that which is appointed you." The thumb-screws of extortion are of various kinds. The subtle processes of a so-called legitimate business, by which fortunes accrue to some and poverty to others, are under John's ban. Practical ownership in legislatures by which legal enactment is influenced for private or co-operative gain is extortion. Increase for the rich and decrease for the poor was in John's eye as he spoke to the publicans. To the grumbling soldiers he gave words adapted to their condition. A uniform is not synonymous with unbridled license. A soldier (or any office-bearer) should be none the less a gentleman. Strength and gentleness go hand in hand. It is only the "small beer" soldier who does violence. There are far-reaching thoughts in the recommendation, "Be content with your wages." The wage question has been the rage question in political economies all along. The soldiers had small reason for fault-finding, as they definitely contracted for a certain stipend. Be content with your own bargain, was John's advice. Jesus said much the same to the grumblers in the parable of the laborers in the vineyard. "Friend, I do thee no wrong; didst not thou agree?" etc. (Matt. xx: 13.)

5. John's account of his mission. (Vs. 15, 16.) "I indeed baptize you with water," unto repentance as we learn elsewhere. "This one thing I do," John might have said. He centered all his energies in one special work; hence his power. His mission was to convict the people of sin. He pled his vocation as if the very honor of God was involved in his faithfulness, as indeed it was, and always is with all those who are "called." John appears to have been a mighty orator; he gave full proof of his ministry without miracle or undue sensation. He was bold and direct, and spoke not with "enticing words of man's wisdom."

"Is this indeed the Christ?" seems to have been the unspoken question of many. He was a miniature Christ. The Son of God lived before his incarnation, practically, in his prophets, and ever since has lived in all those whose lives are "hid with Christ in God." It is possible to be very Christlike. "Be ye imitators of me, even as I also am of Christ," is Paul's injunction (1 Cor. xi:1), and it points all Christians to a holy ambition.

6. John's testimony concerning Jesus. (Vs. 16-20.)

Here is humility. If ever a man, humbly speaking, had occasion to "think of himself more highly than he ought to think," John had, in view of the crowds that flocked to his ministry. But he counts himself unworthy to unlatch the latch of the Lord's shoes. Yet Jesus said of this same John that no man born of woman was greater than he. The contrast is shown in the kinds of baptism administered by each; the one initial, the other eternal; the one unto repentance, the other the "washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Spirit." He testified also of Jesus concerning his judgment, using the fan of the threshing-floor to illustrate the separation process. Here are brought in striking contrast the "garner" and the "unquenchable fire." Whatever as particulars this last expression may mean, it is impressively awful. Jesus used the same expression, and it is simply gratuitous to relegate its meaning to orientalisms.

John versus Herod—John had said, speaking of Jesus, that the latter should increase, while he himself should decrease. Here his prediction is fulfilled. Herod imprisons him in castle Machærus, where he languishes till beheaded, more than a year afterward. John, true to the prophetic vocation, deals boldly and sharply with offenders. The face of man inspires him with no fear. There is no intimidation to his spirit in royal purple, so, as did Elijah to Ahab, he scored Herod for a flagrant sin. It was a service needing to be done, and if flagrant sins in high places go unrebuked by ministers in high places some John or Elijah will be raised up who, by voice or pen, shall sound the note of divine displeasure.

7. Heaven's testimony concerning Jesus. (Vs. 21, 22.) "The Holy Ghost descended in bodily form as a dove upon him." As a statement of fact this is interesting; it satisfies the most morbid appetite for the marvelous. But more than that, it flourishes credentials to Jesus to establish his own claim for himself and the claim that is made for him, that he is divine. For what other man were the heavens ever opened? Upon whom else did the Holy Spirit ever descend in bodily form? Concerning what other person did a voice ever descend from the heavens—"Thou art my beloved Son; in thee I am well pleased"? To receive this testimony (and why not?) is to have many doubts and hesitations brushed aside. The comfort of believing without doubts is unspeakable. Here in this lesson, and in many kindred lessons, are found statements which may be received as veritable history. So received, they constitute the basis of a genuine faith and a lively hope.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 27, 1890.

When one learns that Mr. Peters of Kansas receives on an average one hundred letters every day, there is seen at least one reason why he writes to his constituents that private interests must take him back to private life. Think of what it is to write one hundred letters a day when you know what to say, and then add to that the labor of referring in many cases to the various departments for information upon which to base a reply. Of course, in some offices, as in the Pension Office, a reply comes to the Congressman in the shape of a letter to his constituent, and all it generally needs is to be endorsed and transmitted, but even this represents double labor.

Of Representatives from the central States, Mr. McKinley's mail is the largest, though this has only been true during the present Congress. Owing likewise to his position, Mr. Reed's mail exceeds that of any Eastern member. Mr. Carlisle, of course, receives the largest mail of any Southern member. The Western members are, however, the most richly favored or cursed with correspondents.

Apart from the letters received from pension and other claimants, which always have a legitimate purpose, there are a wonderful number of idle and purposeless letters received by Congressmen, and generally answered. In every community you will find some man who is always offering the Congressmen advice by mail. In private life he may be the soul of mild good-nature, but he harbors about him a wild desire to write, and in the secret watches of the night he indites reams of wisdom to his member. Perhaps he is an influential man in his way, and can control a dozen votes among his relatives; and if so, the Congressmen probably know it, and he gets a patient answer.

Senator Ingalls gets more letters than any man in the Senate, his mail often reaching three hundred letters in a single day. No other Senator gets nearly so many. Senator Plumb, his colleague, receives a very large mail, and so one must conclude, considering also Representative Peters' immense correspondence, that Kansas is a great State for letter-writers.

To a certain extent, Senator Ingalls succeeded John A. Logan as the man to whom old soldiers must frequently write about pension claims. Senator Logan's mail was simply enormous as regards pension matters. It grew so burdensome during the last few years of his life that the majority of the letters of reply from the Pension Bureau were never transmitted to him at all, but were mailed by the bureau directly to the claimant.

The only men in Congress who escape a great mass of correspondence are new members from remote Eastern and Southern districts and extremely unpopular old members serving their confessedly last term. The amount of labor attached to many years of such work is appalling. The secret of successfully doing it lies in never neglecting it. Up to his last illness, "Sunset" Cox never retired at night until the day's correspondence was disposed of. The letters that he could answer intelligently were answered at once, be the reply ever so brief. To this unvarying promptness and to the courteous character of his communications, he owed in no small measure his very long and successful public career.

Now that every-one is trying his hand at civil service reform, Gen. Rosecrans

has turned up with a bill, which he has submitted to several members of the House Committee, and he claims, has been received with favor. It provides that the clerical force of the Government shall be classified according to Congressional districts, each district to have its proper quota, and when any vacancy exists, the particular Congressman entitled to the appointment shall be notified. He shall then nominate not less than four candidates for the place, who shall present themselves for examination before the Civil Service Commission, and the one passing the successful examination shall be selected. The period of office-holding shall be six years, but the Congressmen may re-nominate the man, and he may, after submitting again to a competitive examination, be re-appointed. The Government clerk would, by this simple and pleasing system, be obliged to hustle around and keep in the good graces of his Congressman, or take the consequences at the end of his six years.

It is difficult to realize that the giants of the early part of this century often moved the Supreme Court to tears. Nowadays, if an ambitious young lawyer—those old to the practice never hazard it—attempts oratory, he is cut short by the Chief Justice or some associate, with the polite request to stick to the law and the facts in the cause. The arts of persuasion are never permitted to be exercised. There must be just as eloquent masters of pleading as there ever were, but the arguments before the Supreme Court are dull affairs to an outsider; the calm, colloquial tone, the business-like relation of facts surprise the visitor who is present for the first time.

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The January number, which opens its fifth volume and third year, contains the second part of a poem by President Benjamin of Howard University, entitled "Broken Cadences," which is one of the Doctor's best productions, and has justly been placed in contrast with Wordsworth's "Ode on Immortality." "Sunday and the Saloon in Cincinnati" is discussed by Rev. H. F. Steward, and is a vivid presentation of the condition of affairs in that city. "Commerce and Christianity," by Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs; "Self-Contradictory Claims of Catholics," by Rev. I. J. Lansing, the author of "Romanism and the Republic," is one of the brightest and keenest papers. In the department of "Vital Points of Expert Opinion" is presented the opinion, with criticism thereon, of ex-President McCosh on "German Theological Faculties and Revision of the Creed," Dr. Storrs' "Oration on the Puritan Spirit," lately delivered in Boston, "The Action of the American Board as to Missionary Candidates," Thomas G. Shearman on the "Owners of the United States."

The Editorial Notes embrace such topics as "Mr. Stanley in Africa," "German Treaties with Japan," "Vindication of Mr. Comstock in a Philadelphia Court," etc. This number contains other matter, relating to Edward Everett Hale's and Edward Bellamy's views on Nationalism (to which the long-suffering do not commit itself), and a careful notice of the new biography of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

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